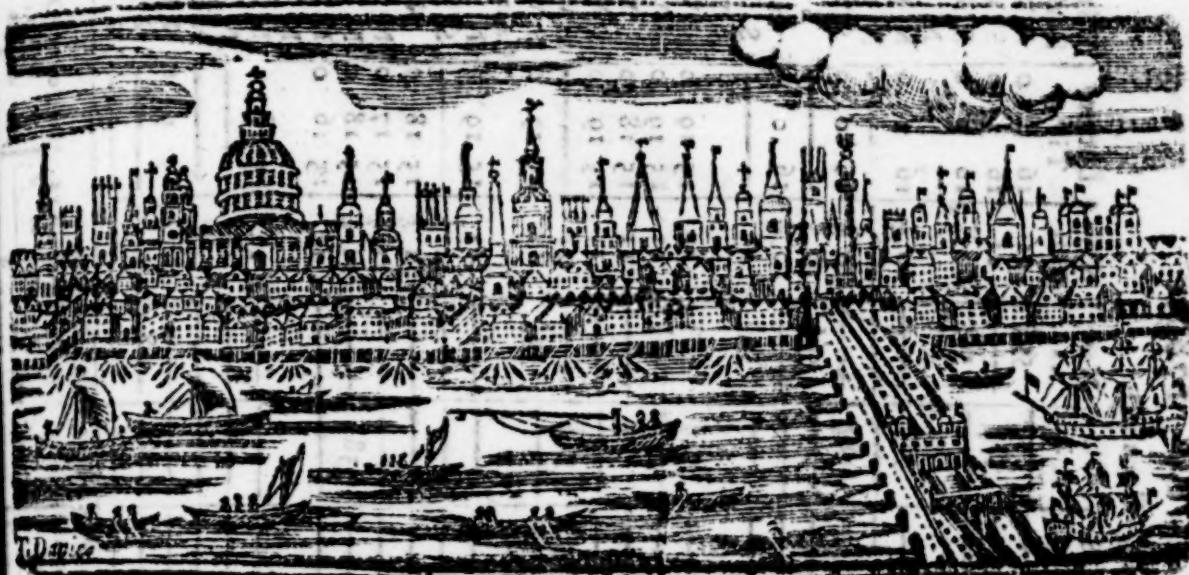


THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For JUNE, 1782.

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With the following Embellishments, viz.

An elegant Engraving of the Right Honourable LADY AUGUSTA CAMPBELL,

A N D

A perspective View of the RIVER THAMES, with a distant Prospect of Gloucester-Lodge, Taplow-Hill, &c.

LONDON, printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47, in Pater-noster-Row. Of whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732 to the present Time, ready bound and stitched, or any single Volume to complete Sets.

PRICES of STOCKS, &c. in JUNE, 1782.

Compiled by C. DOMVILLE, Stock-Broker, No. 95, Cornhill.

AVERAGE PRICES of GRAIN, by the Standard Winchester Bushel.

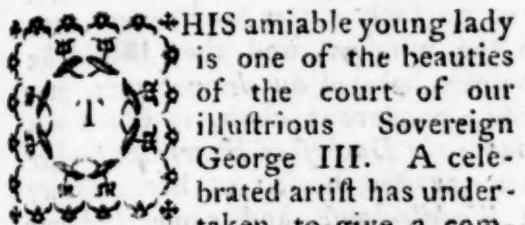


Lady Augusta Campbell.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR JUNE, 1782.

SOME ACCOUNT OF LADY AUGUSTA CAMPBELL.

(With an engraved portrait from an original drawing.)


HIS amiable young lady is one of the beauties of the court of our illustrious Sovereign George III. A celebrated artist has undertaken to give a complete set of them, in the manner of the beauties of the court of Charles II. but we are informed some years will elapse before they make their appearance. In the mean time we judged it might be acceptable to give a portrait, and all the account we could obtain, of a lady, who is universally admired for her fine accomplishments.

Owing to the numerous family, of which she is the brightest ornament, the public are frequently mistaken concerning this lady, it is therefore necessary to take a retrospective view of the different situations of her ladyship's mother, the present Duchess of Argyll.

The veteran beaux of this metropolis will recollect with rapture, "the joys of their dancing days," and count amongst them, the hours they spent in paying their tribute of admiration to the matchless sisters, the celebrated Miss Gunnings, who, in all public places, received that universal homage voluntarily paid by mankind to beauty and innocence. They were natives of Ireland, and the daughters of a respectable gentleman of the long robe in that kingdom. The eldest was married to the present Earl of Coventry, by whom she had a son, the present Lord Deerhurst, and we believe a daughter; her ladyship died on the 1st of October, 1760, and upon that melancholy event Mr. Gray wrote a most affecting elegy.

The present Duchess of Argyll, Lady Augusta Campbell's mother, was the younger sister, she was first married to the late Duke of Hamilton, by whom she had the present duke, born in 1755,

and Lady Derby. The Duke of Hamilton died on the 19th of January 1758, and the dowager was married to Colonel John Campbell on the 3d of February 1759, who by the death of his father, John, the late Duke of Argyll, in the month of November, 1770, succeeded to the title and estate.

Lady Augusta Campbell is his eldest daughter, and was born in 1760.

This lady is distinguished from that herd of gay, dissipated women of fashion, whose whole time is devoted to a round of intoxicating public amusements. She is not to be found at the midnight revels of masquerades, at card parties, nor in the Amazonian habit, following the chase. A desire to improve her mind leads her to the study of useful learning; a wish to attain every polite accomplishment commands her attention to music and drawing, in which she excels; and a steady, even temper being the guide of her actions, she seems to be formed, like her amiable mother, to adorn the marriage state, and render it a scene of permanent domestic bliss, when Providence shall think proper to fix her lot in that station of life.

It is as a model for imitation in these degenerate times, that we have presumed to sketch an imperfect outline of this young lady, of whom little more has been known by the world, than that great attention is paid to her at court by their Majesties; that she has opened the ball on birth-nights with the Prince of Wales; and in the summer season is generally upon the terras at Windsor, when the royal family walk there in public.

The Duke of Argyll is likewise an English peer, by the style and title of Baron Sundridge of Kent. His only son, John, is Marquis of Lorn; and he has another daughter Lady Charlotte Maria, born in 1775. M.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
PANTHEON ANECDOTES.
NUMBER III.

(Continued from our last, p. 237.)

EMILY passed the whole morning in the most tormenting state of disquietude, and glided into the drawing-room about four a mere spectre. Her lovely eyes were sunk and wan, and the roses of her cheeks had totally yielded to the now predominant lily.—*Lady Waddle* was as much agitated, and could scarce support the impending interview; however, the ladies mustered up tolerable spirits, and assumed a gaiety alien to their present situations.—And now a violent noise shook the whole house! It was neither thunder, nor the explosion of a powder-mill, but a footman's rap!—Scarce had the prodigious uproar (compared to which, the *cataract of Niagara* is *piano*) finished, when *Lord Rifle*'s vis-a-vis drove up to the door.—Some authors are of opinion, that it is lawful to digress in novels, and introduce episodes in plays.—Let us avail ourselves of the *licentia watum*, and describe the superb vehicle that had the honour of containing his lordship.

The colour was *Armstead brimstone* with *argent moulu* mouldings, &c.—*Boue de Paris* wheels and hammer-cloth.—Three footmen with uplifted canes and pendant bags hung behind this portentous carriage—*bouquets* graced their bosoms, and *marechal* powder imbrowned their *Adonis* curls!—We are thus particular in describing a nobleman's equipage, that posterity may know how their ancestors rode, and we are only afraid that succeeding ages may be at a loss to determine whether the *masters* or the *footmen* were the completest puppies. Just as one of the three gentlemen above described had finished his *tattoo*, the other two gentlemen placed themselves on each side of the door, and out boited *Lord Rifle*.—His lordship was instantly announced, and instantly entered, bowing all the way, to the right-hand arm chair, in which he squatted like a man of fashion.—A profound silence ensued, and neither party dared to begin a conversation which they all dreaded.—However they were relieved from

their present stupor by a second noise more violent than the first.—*Pompey* barked, the china and lustres rattled; in short, the whole street thought the last day at hand, or else a second edition of the *Lisbon* earthquake.—But it was no such matter!—The ladies ran to the window, and they beheld six footmen habited *au dernier gout*, precede a ponderous chair, in which was seated the *Duchess of Hurricane*!—Her grace availed herself of her intimacy at *Waddle-house*, and came to dinner *sans facon*. *Lady Waddle* was vexed at the interruption, and—but proceed my pen, to describe the *Duchess*, and her exit from the sedan!—First, an immense hoop came out sideways—next her *Grace of Hurricane*, then the remaining *moitié* of whalebone. The little old lady looked in the middle of this immense load of millinery like a *fly in a syllabub*, and put all the beholders in mind of the *Egyptian ape* in the centre of a temple large enough for the *Leviathan*.—Her grace hobbled up stairs as fast as the gout permitted, and entered the drawing-room.—It was impossible to tell which had the greatest tremor, her limbs or her feathers; however, she majestically tottered to the top of the room: *Lord Rifle* vacated his seat, and her grace instantly took possession of it.—Proper ceremonials were ended, and all the necessary points being adjusted, such as the goodness or the badness of the weather, the *opera*, &c. when, death to their ears—a third shock of the knocker was heard, and in due time *Sir Peter Pumbiddy* was announced with all due formalities.—*Lady Waddle* was rather rejoiced than vexed at *Sir Peter*'s arrival, as the *Duchess* had broke in; gaiety re-assumed her reign, and the *opera* was again the subject of the anti-convivial moment. Her grace spoke in raptures of *Le Picq*; *Sir Peter* wondered where they had picked him up; and said, he imagined he would *pique* the other dancers by his vast superiority!—Her grace rebuked *Sir Peter* for his puns, and was amazed

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at his passion for such trifles.—Here again *Sir Peter* rang the various changes on the word trifle, and was only stopped in the career of his wit by the dinner bell, and the summons thereto.—

It is not recorded how the *Romans* were conducted to dinner.—It is true *Horace* and *Juvenal* descanted largely on their dishes and *surgeons*; they also described their situations at meals; and posterity is convinced that the *Romans* lay on couches to dine like French lap-dogs: they were not stuffed up in cabrioles like mummies, as the moderns are, to whom with many apologies we now return.—The duchess was preceded by *Lady Waddle*, and handed to the dining-parlour by *Lord Rifle*; *Emily* accepted *Sir Peter Pumbuddy*'s hand, and down sat the quintetto to dinner. We will pass over the common-place compliments of the table, such as “ You eat nothing, and you see your dinner, &c. &c.”—*Sir Peter* had ample opportunity of punning at every dish, and enjoyed his wit as much as his dinner: the *desert* being placed, the coffee being introduced, and speedily finished, the duchess, attended by *Sir Peter*, retired to the opera, and left the *Waddle* party in a critical situation!—The *eclaircissement* they so much expected, so much wished, and yet so much dreaded, now approached.—*Lady Waddle* broke silence, while a tear of filial love glanced down the cheek of *Emily*, whose eyes were fondly yet timidly turned to the dear author of her being.—*Lady Waddle* asked his lordship how he rested the preceding evening, and turning to *Emily*, bid her kneel and ask her father's blessing—*Lord Rifle* turned pale and trembled; a deadly languor overspread his countenance, and he was ready to expire.—But the lovely kneeling form of *Emily* soon awoke him from his trance, and after a conflict of the most violent agitations, he raised her up and embraced her.—“ Yes (cried he) I have conquered myself; virtue expands her silky wings, and gently shades me with her selectest influence.—Oh, how pure that embrace! Yes, my child, I feel the whole force of my present awful situation. Heaven has vouchsafed to reclaim me, and I bow submissive to the high behest!” *Lady Waddle* was terribly moved at the

truly-affecting scene, and *Emily* was overpowered with the delicacy of her sensations—She faintly murmured out “ My father—Oh, Sir”—in short, broken sighs and unfinished sentences were all she could articulate. *Lord Rifle* tenderly implored her forgiveness, and *Emily* intreated his blessing: *Lady Waddle* stood by, a mute and abashed spectator; the consciousness of her criminality prevented her utterance; and her whole guilt became apparent! The weeping trio could scarce be roused to any ideas exterior to their present situation; but the entrance of the tea equipage in some measure relieved their embarrassments. *Lord Rifle* produced a paper wherein he had sketched a settlement for *Emily*, and proposed a match between her and *Sir William Worthy*, who his lordship very well knew had long loved her. But this proposal came without the least knowledge on *Sir William*'s part; *Lord Rifle* proposed it merely to see if *Emily* approved his choice. *Emily* was all duty and resignation. *Lady Waddle* confirmed her daughter's partiality for *Sir William*; and *Lord Rifle* informed his daughter that as the only compensation for his past offences, he had settled 20,000l. on her; his house in — street, and several valuables. *Emily*, penetrated with gratitude, was ready to sink, and could scarce murmur out her effusions of duty. A servant then entered and presented a note to *Lord Rifle*. His lordship was visibly moved, and ordered a chair. *Lady Waddle* tenderly asked the reason of his change of countenance? Forcing a smile in his face, his lordship carelessly replied, some little business demanded his instant attendance; but, if permitted, he would return to supper at ten. Leave accordingly was given, and his lordship retired in a precipitation the ladies could not account for. *Emily* was tortured with a thousand different suspicions, and was in the most cruel state of incertitude—*Lady Waddle* was in equal emotion: they conjectured a thousand surmises, and were alarmed at the slightest noise; at length they were partially relieved by the entrance of some female visitors, who were *let in*, as the fashionable phrase is, to the equal disappointment of all parties.

Here again a due regard to posterity obliges the narrative to stand still, to explain

explain to after ages the meaning of being *let in*. Persons of fashion scorn to visit from motives of friendship, the form is the whole: for example, Lady Such-a-one is in debt 500 visits, some or most of which she must absolutely pay that day: her chair is sent to one quarter of the town *empty*, while the lady herself makes the grand tour of vanity in her coach in another. The meanest capacity can easily imagine that numberless visits may be paid in so concise a manner as visiting by proxy. But if the unfortunate lady is so *derangée* as to be *let in* at any place in her visiting list, the misfortune is naturally very enormous, as she must stay a little time with the lady of the mansion. After ages may depend upon it, that mere form is the only criterion of friendship in high life, and that they are as empty as the chairs they send! And now, as the material point of visiting is duly settled, let us return to our story.—*Lord Rifle* was sent for to a neighbouring coffee-house by *Sir William Worthy*: the reason as follows: *Lady Flirt's* maid had whispered the transactions of the preceding evening so cautiously and so secretly, that they had found their way to *Sir William Worthy*, through the medium of his *valet*, who was not thought wholly inimical to *Kitty, femme de chambre* at *Flirt-house*. *Sir William* was in a rage, at the insult offered to his *Emily*; and was so totally intoxicated by the green-eyed monster jealousy, that he did not believe a single word of *Lord Rifle* being *Emily's* father, but imagined it to be a story trumped up to deceive him. *Sir William* knew the extreme licentiousness of *Lord Rifle's* manners, and even imagined he had completed his base desires! Stung with jealousy, and deaf to the voice of reason, he precipitately wrote a challenge to *Lord Rifle*. His lordship instantly obeyed the summons, and was conducted by the waiter of the coffee-house to a private room, where *Sir William* waited his arrival, unattended. He bolted the door instantly, and drawing his sword, desired *Lord Rifle* to defend himself. *Lord Rifle* intreated a moment's patience to explain; but *Sir William* was so frantic with rage that

he would not listen to the voice of reason, but insisted upon *Lord Rifle's* drawing instantly. *Lord Rifle* begged to clear up the affair, and began to relate the events of the preceding evening circumstantially. *Sir William* grew outrageous, and said he believed the whole to be a *lie*, calculated to deceive him. At the word *lie*, *Lord Rifle* lost all command of his temper, and drew. After exchanging a few thrusts, during which time the candles were extinguished, the whole house was alarmed by the clashing of swords; and several gentlemen attempted to force open the door. *Sir William* buried his sword in *Lord Rifle's* body, and in his hurry fell on the point of his adversary's, as he staggered in the dark. The door was then broke open, and candles being called for, a most dreadful scene presented itself to the spectators. The combatants were weltering in their blood, and cried most piteously for some water. A surgeon in the neighbourhood instantly arrived, examined the bodies, and was of opinion that they were both mortally wounded. *Sir William* was sensible, but *Lord Rifle* fainted thrice during the time they were examining his wounds, and was carried to *Waddle-house* during his insensibility. *Sir William* begged to remain where he was, and a bed was accordingly got ready, wherein we will leave him in very good hands, and attend *Lord Rifle*. The females who called at *Lady Waddle's* were the *Miss O'Screams* and *Mrs. Save all*, an Irish family. They stayed to play a hand at *loo* with the *Waddles*, and were upon the decamp, when a violent noise was heard; *Lady Waddle* bawled out *Not at home!* but the *groom of the chambers* said, he imagined her ladyship had too much charity to shut her doors against a dying man. The ladies started, and asked the meaning of his speech? The man replied, a gentleman had been killed in a duel, and was in the hall. *Emily* was petrified, and *Lady Waddle* had some forebodings, which were completely verified by the tragical appearance of *Lord Rifle*, who was brought into the drawing-room almost expiring.

(To be continued.)

THE LINK-BOY. No. VI.

Νεθελαι ανυδροι υπο ΑΝΕΜΩΝ πιριφερομεναι.

Ιουδ. επις.

NOT many years since a methodist preacher raised a riot at a fair by provoking two or three rough and sturdy sailors, who stood and listened very attentively to his harangue, till they were pointed out to the rest of the rabble for reprobates, and informed that it was a thousand to one but they would be damned. To be sent to hell in a *jeſt* was what they had been accustomed to both by sea and land; and you might have damned *Jack, Dick, or Tom* in a good-natured way, and they would have returned you the compliment in the same civil and sociable ſtyle. But the preacher was neither good-humoured nor jocular. Like Mr. Addison's Campaign-Angel, he was "pleased to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." It was now, according to Lear's invocation in the tragedy—" *Spit fire—ſpout rain!*" But before the zeal of the preacher had "rumbled its belly-full," the sailors, who thought, though used to hurricanes and tempests, that they had had enough of it for their own ſhare, to prevent a worse discharge, let fly at him as they do at a water-ſpout at ſea. In ſhort, as they found themselves conſigned to damnation in earnest, the spirit of the devil began to be uppermost, and they ſeemed determined to do all the mischief they could in this world, in ſome measure to bring their hands in play for the buſineſſ of the next. They ſwore—and could the preacher blame them for making requitals in his own language? Could he in conſcience reprove them for ſwearing, when the whole *application* (as it is called) of his ſermon as nothing but a collection of the moſt ſhocking oaths and imprecaſions that are to be met with in the celebrated catalogue of Bishop Ernulphus? The ſignal of attack from one of the tars was like the *ſtat* of destiny, and in one minute the parſon was rolling in the midſt of the fair. Unluckily his course to the *ducking ſtool* was interſected at right angles by the lame leg of a ſtand that had not recovered from a ſhock it had received, a ſhort time before, from a mad ox driven that way. It was too weak to encounter a ſecond onſet; and yielding to the impulſe of the preacher's ſkull, iſtantly diſcharged its contents in full into the ſtreet to be trampled on by the mob. It was now "the *cruff* of matter!" It was "Confuſion (as the great Milton ſays) worse conſounded!" The ſhock, like an electric one, was communicated to a whole row of ſtands, and the preacher's road lay over a maſt of the moſt heterogenous materials.

The whole ſtreet was in an uproar: ſome cursing with all the mild blaſphemey of raving madness: others, deprived of the power of ſpeech, were ſtruck ſtupid with their loſs. The preacher, when he knew reſiſtance was in vain, appeared very reſigned, and, making a virtue of neceſſity, exclaimed aloud, that *he was only in the way to his KINGDOM!*—The exercise he underwent, however honourable at this time, was not eſteemed ſo even by himſelf a ſhort time before: for he who was now ducked for a methodist preacher, had been ducked before for a pickpocket.

"And pray, Sir"—ſays Mr. Mildmay to a young clergyman who boasted of having edged on the sailors, and related a capital manœuvre of the ſame kind at Oxford, where he and half a ſcore ſophs of diſtinct colleges "kicked up a d—n'd duſt" (to uſe his own phrase) to choke a methodist parſon with. The martial priſt laughed heartily while he was recounting his own adventures, and looked round and round in full expeſtation of being joined by the company. They *did* laugh indeed: but it was at his expence. It was when he looked very grave and very foolish at his disappointment. The laugh came a few ſeconds too late for him:—for in a matter where a laugh is looked for, a few ſeconds are of infinite conſequence, and I have known a joke abſolutely ruined in half the time that was taken up in making it.

"And pray, Sir (ſays Mr. Mildmay) was the cold-bath of any ſervice to the preacher? He wanted not ſtimulants, I imagine: and by your account of him he leſs needed the dirt and filth that were ſo liberally beſtowed on him. Hath it cooled down his fever? I know no diſorder more obſtrinate. You frequently increase and exasperate it by means which you think the beſt calculated to affwage and cure it."

No man in the world was farther from even a tranſient wiſh to diſcouraſe any ſerious attempts to enlighten and reform mankind than this excellent man. He was convinced that religion was one common concerne; and no one wiſhed more earneſtly to ſee it one common practice. He was by no means the dupe of a party: he abhorred the idea of that ſpiritual riſalpship which, though it makes zeal its pretence, is gene‐rally found to owe its ſuport to ſelfiſhneſs and vanity. He had penetration to diſcern the workings of a good heart under the diſguife of ſentiments the very reverse of his own. He acknowledged virtue wherever he

saw it; encouraged the first budings of merit in every profession, and every sect found his candour a steady and impartial principle, arising from benevolence, and confirmed by experience. But the goodness of his heart never so far imposed on his judgement as to present all mankind to him in the same light. He nicely discriminated characters; and I never knew one who could so soon detect imposture, and unmask a hypocrite. I have seen a man who had deceived thousands—a certain preacher from America, who came hither to fill his pockets *for the sake of the gospel in foreign parts*—I once saw this crafty mendicant repelled by a single glance of Mr. Mildmay's eye. He perceived the confusion—owing to one word inadvertently dropped that no person besides took any notice of. By intuition, as it were, Mr. Mildmay saw the reason of it; and in five minutes time had analysed this audacious impostor's heart by a kind of intellectual chemistry that penetrated the most compact substances, and found out the most secret principles of their composition.

You may well suppose, my good reader, that a man of Mr. Mildmay's acute discernment could be no hearty friend to methodism and *lay-preaching*. He saw that in most instances it was nothing but a forward usurpation of the sacred office, to the destruction of that decency and order which are inseparable from the purity and beauty of the church.

"But (says Mr. Mildmay) I would not move a finger to whet the edge of clerical opposition. I would not touch their persons for policy or for conscience-sake; but if they will be so forward as to preach, and people will be so foolish as to hear, it is their own fault and they must answer for it themselves. If we cannot rationally convince the preacher, or fairly disabuse the hearer, we must leave the one to the triumph of presumption, and the other to the enjoyment of delusion. There is no arguing indeed with the man whom enthusiasm warms, and zeal actuates. Every attempt to inform is construed into an artifice of Satan to corrupt; and every argument, however justly founded or judiciously managed, is sure to be rejected as the sophistry

of *carnal reason* to stumble and confound. That quintessence of the mystical life which abstracts the soul from every thing human, and annihilates the old man of the heart, rarifies and mounts those sublime preachers upwards, on the subtle and ethereal wing of spirit, till they are safely lodged in those castles which faith and fancy build in the air; which no common eye can see, and no human instrument touch! — To be serious: a man of this cast, who entertains so very mean an opinion of reason as to scorn to submit his more exalted sentiments and convictions to so uncertain and degenerate a standard, is proof against argument and rational persuasion, and it is an attempt which ill bodes success to endeavour to reduce him by means which he is either very suspicious of, or resolutely set against. If we cannot pass John Wesley's "*immense chasm upborn on eagle's wings*"—the great gulf that separates nature from grace—we had better sit still and enjoy their flight than risque our own safety.

If (continued Mr. Mildmay) a person, whose head is fanatically turned, looking around him in the world, should observe that what he imagines to be THE TRUTH is but superficially attended to by ministers and people:—if he be one of a good flock of assurance, and especially if he be pushed on by others who have either the folly or the hypocrisy to flatter his abilities and spiritual gifts: if such a one sets up for a preacher, and thinks himself moved by some secret impulse from Heaven to exercise his talents, you will find it signify very little to attempt the silencing of that man by reason or scripture, while the more powerful, home-felt impressions of his own mind are against you and your arguments. Violent opposition of them is put down to the account of persecution for righteousness-sake, and is only a new motive added to the people's flattery and their own conceit to excite them to perseverance. And as it is impolitic so is it unchristian. The wisdom that cometh from above is peaceable as well as pure; and a clergyman (said Mr. Mildmay, looking full in the face of the Oxonian hero) a *clergyman*, Sir, should be the last person in the world to mix in the tumult and outrage of a dirty rabble."

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. ON FORMS OF WORSHIP.

IN No. 87 of the Mirror, the author amongst other remarks on superstition, goes on thus—

"It is amazing to observe the conduct of our first reformers; their penetration led them to discover the gross errors, and manifold superstitions of the church of Rome; and they were enabled to set themselves free from those shackles, in which Europe had been held for so many ages; but no sooner had they done so, than they and their followers adopted another mode of superstition, in the place of that it had cost them so much pains to pull down; to masses, and crucifixes, and images were substituted a precise severity of manners, and long sermons, and a certain mode of sanctifying the sabbath; which were inculcated as constituting the sum of virtue, and comprehending the whole duty of a christian: so ingenious are men, in finding out something to put in the place of true piety and virtue."

These observations are well founded, and it is wonderful how those men, who call themselves the true believers,

and only delegates of the apostles, should depart so widely from the directions of their writings; contriving ceremonies and forms of worship, different to any authority thence to be derived; and using invocations of whimsical imagination: on the other hand, whence can it happen that those who call themselves the reformed, should chuse to retain in their prayers and forms of worship many of those superstitious addresses, that formerly seemed to give them so much offence? Every attempt to restore primitive simplicity, in the worship of the great supreme, has been stiled innovation; but the innovators were the men who first invented those verbose complex addresses, that have been so plentifully provided, and superstitiously adopted; the frequently repeating of these, has been called serving God, an expression of vanity; he needs no service at our hands, but expects that we serve one another: prayer and thanksgiving, are duties comprehended under the title of worship; to render these simple and rational, would be highly serviceable to the cause of true piety.

BETA.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. UMBRA'S DIALOGUES.

(See our last Magazine, page 210.)

DIALOGUE IV.

THE SERPENT OF REGULUS AND DRAGON OF ST. GEORGE.

Dra. BLESS me! what strange figure do I behold yonder? great and dreadful as I am, my heart shrinks appal'd before it.

Ser. Noble *Dragon*, I kiss your claw.—I have heard with admiration of your prowess, and glorious devastations.—I admire your impenetrable scales of brass, your mouth that resembles the black abyss; and look with reverence on the two stings, sharper than steel, which arm your illustrious tail. You seem surprized at my salute.—Is the *Carthaginian serpent* so little known?

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Dra. You highly honor me, by thus taking notice of one so totally your inferior, and undeserving your attention;—one, who fell by a single arm;—whilst you waged battle with a numerous host, and whom new invented *Balista* and *Catapulta* only could deprive of breath.—That glorious destructive breath, whose pestilential vapours thinned the ranks of the Roman legions, and checked the progress of a victorious army. In truth I little expected to meet you in our territories.

Ser. Ha, ha, ha! what you believe a *Roman* historian, whose credulity tradition had imposed upon, or who invented the tale to save the credit of

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his countrymen! To tell you the plain truth, the pestilential breath that destroyed the *Romans* was the unwholesomeness of the air owing to the marshes near which they were encamped, and the scarcity of provisions, which the wiser generals of the enemy had cut off—and the *serpent* himself, who barricadoed their way, was a good handsome fortification that stretched along the opposite side of the river *Bagrada*, which they took at last by means of their engines, that knocked it about the ears of their enemies.

Dra. I did not apprehend historians dealt thus in fable and allegory.—In my time indeed—in the days when monks, martyrs, and miracles flourished—

Ser. No people more so, upon my veracity.—Nay, generally in fable without allegory, and there your contemporaries had the advantage—For instance, what was the *Roman Augur's* cutting the flint with a razor but a gross falsehood, unless he had acquired *HANNIBAL's* art of mollifying rocks with vinegar? Though how he got vinegar sufficient, or wood enough to set it a boiling on the dreary *Alps*, so as to answer any useful purpose, I cannot well comprehend.—What was the gulf into which *CURTIUS* leapt armed at full point, but a crack in the pericra-

nium of the first relater, who did not know how else to close up the vacuity?—Of the *Grecian* conquests in *Perisia* you find no trace in the writers of *that country*.—What can you think of *Xerxes's* army quaffing up a lake of five miles extent? Nay, exhausting and leaving dry the rivers *Lissus*, *Scamander*, and *Chidorous*, which they might safely defy all the inhabitants of Asia to effect, unless a hot ungenial summer co-operated with their thirsty endeavours?—And after all, it has been supposed that *XERXES* was but a * tributary lord to the *great King*, and his innumerable host a moderate parcel of ragamuffins collected from the sea-coasts of *Asia Minor*. Yet this, and a thousand other improbabilities (impossibilities if you please) are delivered down to posterity by the *great father of history HERO-DOTUS*.

Dra. I have often thought the dependence on ancient historians something precarious; but as they had not the same advantages, which the moderns have of printing, to record transactions, their mistakes are in some degree pardonable.

Ser. You make me smile again—but your ages of chivalry were those of simplicity, and so far your credulity is to be excused. I could point you out greater monsters than ourselves, affirmed

* The Dragon quotes from respectable authority, but I cannot agree with him in every respect. Mr. Richardson observes, "That no vestiges are discovered in the Persian History of the battles of Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ, &c." He supposes however, "that they might have happened." That they did happen, as well as that *XERXES* was not a feudal lord, but the real King of Persia, I think is sufficiently proved by his cotemporary *ÆSCHYLUS*, who fought in person at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa—in his Play called the *Perians*, exhibited in honor of the Grecian victories, he calls him the son of *DARIUS* King of Persia, gives a long list of the numerous dominions subject to him, and particularly mentions the engagements at Salamis and Marathon. Would the Athenians of those days who were no less fond of politics than we are, nor less skilled in them, submit to be imposed upon with an account which they knew to be false? Would they not in all probability have treated such a representation, as a British audience would at this time a tragedy that gave a pompous account of a French army's being defeated at Blackheath, and its fleet destroyed in Torbay? Nay, to have represented the governor of a province as the great king would have appeared at that time as absurd as for a writer now to introduce the Count de Grasse as King of France. Strange as the account seems of *XERXES's* building a bridge across the *Hellespont*, yet it is frequently mentioned in the same play. How he managed it is another matter, yet we cannot suppose *ÆSCHYLUS* would have been so absurd as to mention a circumstance as true, which all Athens must have known to be false, were it really so. It would be just the same as if a dramatic writer of our's seriously informed a London audience that a bridge was built a year since from Dover to Calais.—History is precarious enough without having recourse to fancied hypothesis, which not only lop off its exuberant branches, but pluck it up by the roots.

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affirmed lately to have been, nay believed now to be inhabitants of the teraqueous globe.—I have seen a sea-serpent found in the Northern ocean that exceeds me as much in length, as I do those in the island of *Ceylon* and other parts of the *East Indies*; and they go as far as they well can within the verge of *probable* existence. I saw one cracking the bones of a Buffalo not long since in our regions—but that's between ourselves. Nay, I lately met with an animated island called a * *Craken* (the ignorant apprehend it to be nothing more than a *fog bank* to this day) who put me quite out of countenance—I shrunk to a mere reptile before him.—A young one of which dying some time since on the coast of *NORWAY*, infected the air to such a degree, that I was confidently assured he poisoned as many people there with his stench, as I did on the coast of *AFRICA* with my breath.

Dra. You surprize me!—But who are those extraordinary, gigantic figures

which I see at some distance?—They appear half naked: the skins of wild beasts are thrown carelessly over their shoulders, and their painted faces exhibit a horrid variety of contrasted colors.—I should almost take them for some younger brothers of my old acquaintance in the *land of Farie*.

Ser. So you well might if you only look at them through the magnifying mist of prejudice, in which they have been viewed by † *MAGELLAN* and others, with minds prepossessed in favour of the marvellous.—But here, take a few drops of the water of that well into which you threw the *red-cross knight* (and who, I have been told by the bye was nothing more nor less than a † *Cappadocian bishop*) “purge your visual nerve,” and tell me what you now think of them.

Dra. In serious truth they appear now nothing more than a parcel of stout jolly fellows that would have done extremely well for the late King of *Prussia's* tall regiment, or the English

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dragoon

* *MILTON*, by some means or other, seemed to have acquired a tolerable just idea of the *Craken*, when he used the following comparison to illustrate the size of this King devil; who is described as lifting his head above the burning lake, whilst

His other parts beside

Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rod: in bulk as huge

as that sea-beast

Leviathan, which God of all his works.
Created hugest that swim the ocean flood.
Him, haply flumbring on the *Norway foam*,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side.—

So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay. B. 1. 1. 193.

He is guilty, however, of a slight mistake in calling this huge swimmer of ocean's flood, *Leviathan*. As from the best accounts, the monsters of that family must, comparatively speaking, be considered as diminutive animals.—Probably at that time, the illustrious Norwegian had not acquired a name.

CURIOSUS.

† In the 2d chapter of the 2d book of *Purchas his Pilgrimes* (p. 34) is a curious account of the *Patagonians*. It is there said, that *Magellan* saw one “cloathed in the skin of a beast, with the head of a mule, the body of a camel, and tail of a horse.” They are likewise described as worshipping the great *deuill Setebos*. Many other strange anecdotes are related of them, and we are assured that a middle-sized man was no bigger than their waist. This voyage was performed in 1519; so that in about two centuries, by the latest accounts we are grown up within a head's length of them. Possibly in two more it may be found out, that there is no very great difference between us and them in point of size. However *MAGELLAN's* *Patagonians* bear no proportion to an *Emperor of CHINA's* porters; who were, as *DERHAM* seriously assures us from *HAKEWELL's* authority, fifteen foot high. CURIOSUS.

† Some do not scruple to affirm, that he as well as his Dragon, was nothing but an overgrown Non-entity. CURIOSUS.

dragoon guards.—I do not think they would be of too great weight for the horses, as they canter away so lively upon the little wild tits they are now mounted upon.

Ser. I am quite of your opinion.—The contradiction of modern writers is abominable; I do not mean as to historical narratives—obvious reasons may be assigned for that.—But even in describing a distant country, when there can be no inducement to falsify the account, you will seldom meet with two authors of the same opinion. An island in the *East-Indies* was celebrated by one eminent voyager as the most delightful spot in the universe, and depicted in the most luxuriant colours.—By another it is described as the most inhospitable of climates.—Instead of verdant lawns, covered with impenetrable forests.—The air, so far from being impregnated with health, swarming with noxious insects, and loaded with destructive vapors;—and for the refreshing breezes that cheered and revived the sickly frame, we are told of an intolerable unmitigated heat that relaxed the strongest fabric. The garden of *Eden*, and the *desolate wilderness* form not a stronger contrast.

Dra. What then are mankind to believe? Has there been a general conspiracy in all ages to impose upon their weakness and credulity?

Ser. By no means—There is nothing of combination in the case. A natural love for the *wonderful*, super-

stition, credulity, self-delusion, originating from an over-heated imagination, or conceit, that bends every thing to a pliability with men's own systems and conjectures, may be assigned as causes for the inconsistency among writers, and the little dependance there is to be placed on them—for popular errors, and traditional falsehoods, which few people will take the trouble to examine and detect. As to historical narratives, the first evidence is generally oral, which after it has been circulated through a few hands, the original figure of truth becomes so distorted and obscured, that it is scarcely discernible. In regard even to particular facts of the present day, two men, one guided by partiality, and the other swayed by prejudice, will represent them so differently, that an impartial hearer will scarce suppose they alluded to the same transaction: and yet both will believe themselves to have been strictly just in their account; because they only related what they heard from prejudiced persons, with whom they were connected from a similarity in political sentiments; and wishing from profession the respective stories true; from the same motive become soon convinced they were so. So that (between ourselves!) military achievements, characters of Kings, statesmen, and generals are often no more to be credited, than the reality of *St. George's Dragon*, and the *Serpent of Regulus*!

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. OBSERVATIONS ON THE CELEBRATED LAKE OF KILLARNEY IN IRELAND.

(In a letter from an English officer at Cork to his mother.)

ALTHOUGH it is no more than probable that I may be with you before this letter reaches you, by the way of Dublin, yet having a leisure moment to spare, as the Neptune collier is not yet ready to sail for Minehead, I have employed that moment in writing what will I hope at once amuse my dearest mother and convince her of my filial affection. This letter contains a few observations on the celebrated *Lake of Killarney*; a subject travellers have exerted their utmost descriptive powers in treating of; but

which I shall handle with impartiality, neither creating beauties which have no existence in nature; nor on the contrary, endeavouring to cast a shade over some of her most pleasing scenes.

Killarney is situated in the county of Kerry, 38 English miles from Cork. Having hired horses for ourselves and servant, we left Cork at nine in the morning, dined at Millstreet, and lay that evening in Killarney. The country between Cork and Millstreet for twenty miles in length, is one of the most disagreeable I have at any time passed

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passed through. It consists chiefly of barren heaths; what little is cultivated is pasture land enclosed by stone walls, and scarce a tree to be seen. Although few countries are better peopled than this, yet it wears the face of desolation.

The inhabitants herd together in hovels, if possible more miserable than those, I have in a former letter described to you. These being built of loose rubble stone, covered with sedges, and consisting only of a ground floor, at some distance can scarcely be distinguished: and when approached, only serve to distress your mind by presenting the most striking images of want and wretchedness. Descending Muskerry hill we came to Millstreet, a little place consisting of a few decent cottages, a tolerable Irish inn, and a barrack. The road from this place to Killarney runs in a straight line, almost entirely over a marsh, terminated in front by the mountains round the lake, and having the Kerry hills on the south. The latter hills did not appear to us of any considerable height, but the mountains in front presented a most awful scene; for the evening beginning to grow dusky, every summit was covered with a dark rolling cloud. About a mile from Killarney we skirted Lord Kenmure's park, which being full of tall trees had a very pleasing effect; and indeed I am of opinion, that this lake is indebted for no small share of its beauties to the contrast it displays, when compared with the surrounding country—the seat of the wild Irish, and beyond dispute the most barren spot in the kingdom. The evening not being yet closed, at our arrival at the * *Macartney Moore's Arms*, an inn, decent, but expensive; we employed ourselves in viewing the town, which is tolerably well built; and the streets are spacious and airy. Here is another inn, a decent one for Ireland, about as good as the old house at Ivy bridge†. The situation of Killarney is romantic: on the west, it has the lake within a mile of it, on the north the gentle hills round Aghadoe; on the east, a great extent of well cultivated country; and on the south a range of great mountains; one of which, *Mount Mangan*,

accounted the highest hill in Ireland, terminates the vista of the main street at about three miles distance.

At eight the next morning we embarked in a barge belonging to Lord Kenmure (who has a good house here and keeps several of those boats for the accommodation of the curious) having on board an horn, plenty of cold provisions, and two pateraroes. That you may have some idea of the course we took, you must form to yourself a fresh water lake of about 8 miles long, and four broad, containing 37 islands of different sizes: having on the east the town of Killarney, with a large extent of country tolerably improved behind it; on the north a rich plain bounded at some distance by tall hills; and on the west and south the mountains of Kerry forming a semi-circle; between two of which, Glenon on the one side, and the Turk mountain on the other, opens the passage to the upper lake.

The first object of our curiosity was the island or rather peninsula of Ross; for although it is surrounded on three sides by the lake, yet is it divided on the fourth side from the main only by a piece of fen land. This island was once the seat of Dognahue, an old King of the Milesians, of whom tradition informs us, that being besieged in his castle by a neighbouring prince, and unable to effect a retreat, he threw himself from the battlements into the lake, and thus put a period to his life.

His credulous subjects, however, by whom he was adored could not be convinced that he had entirely forsaken them. Hence he is said to have frequently appeared to them; sometimes bestriding a rock that bears a resemblance to an horse; at other times playing at the game of *Goff* on the surface of the water. At first he presented himself in a dress worthy an old monarch of Hibernia, in armour. But as increasing luxury has softened the manners of his people, it seems also to have softened the appearance of their King; for laying aside his coat of mail, he commenced maccaroni: and for this last century, has been seen diving like a cormorant on every part of the lake, sprucely tricked out in a modern suit

* *Macartney Moore*, is an old Milesian family now almost extinct; they were once in possession of almost all the South West of Ireland.

† In the road from Exeter to Plymouth.

of white and silver. As the intercourse between the different nations has gradually enlarged the understandings of mankind, this story has by the most sensible part of the country been treated with becoming ridicule; but the vulgar are still loth to loose their favourite legend. I have met with at least twenty, who have repeatedly seen him; and the Irish in this country look on that spring to promise an unprosperous season, in which he does not make his appearance amongst them. Of his castle, there only remains an old turret, to which is annexed a modern barrack, containing at present two companies of the 34th regiment of foot. This island is about two miles long and a mile and half broad; consists of rich pasture ground, is well stocked with cattle, and has about three decent cottages on it. In walking over this spot nothing can be more pleasing than the different breaks through the trees on the lake, islands, and surrounding mountains. Hence, sailing by two rocks, beautifully fretted by the waves, and picturesquely covered with arbutus, we came to Mucrass, the seat of Mr. Herbert, situated at the south eastern extremity of the lake, directly under the mountain of Mangeston. Why Mr. Derrick should extol this seat as a prodigy of beauty I am at a loss to conceive! The situation is fine indeed; but the house is no more than a neat little box, and the gardens (excepting a small shrubbery) are all in the old style, surrounded by high brick walls. Utility, not elegance, seems to have been studied here. At the end of the garden, amidst a pretty clump of trees, stands the remains of Mucrass abbey. This ruin, although but small, is yet a very pretty object. The church is entire, excepting the roof and wood-work, as are the walls of the cloisters, and several of the cells are yet remaining. In the center of the cloister stands the largest yew tree I have seen, which after rising in a large stalk to the height of the walls, then spreads itself into a thick umbrage, which exactly overshadows the court below. The mind could not have conceived an object more capable of filling it with religious horror, nor could art have placed it in a more proper situation. But what is still more capable of inspiring horror, although of a very different nature, is the number of skulls and

other remains of human forms piled up in every niche of the abbey—the fragments of broken coffins that cover the floor—and the smell of putrefaction that strikes you at your entrance. This method of exposing the dead is common to the Irish Catholicks, amongst whom a church and a charnel house are almost synonymous terms. We now coasted the *promontary* of Mucrass which stretching out in length about 3 miles, and in breadth about one, divides the middle lake from the lower. This is a still richer spot than Ross Island. The rock work on its shores is channelled by the hand of nature into a variety of fantastick forms. From every crevice sprouts forth the Arbutus.

The inner parts of this peninsula are finely diversified with groves of tall trees, lawns covered with the richest herbage, and little lakes of the clearest water. This spot is also pasture land and is well stocked with cattle. Leaving this little paradise we now approached *Glenow*. By far the most pleasing object on the lake. Imagine to yourself, Madam, a vast mountain, rising almost in a perpendicular direction from the surface of the lake, covered from the water's edge to within a third of its height, by every different foliage this climate produces. Vast forest trees intermixed with flowering shrubs, here gently ascending in a swelling slope; there pendent from the top of a craggy precipice. Mark its summit, naked—The residence of goats and mountain deer: at its foot a white cottage peeps from amidst the trees, and seems the habitation of a Crusoe. Being now almost under the hill the horn was sounded. The sound, at first by no means harmonious, on account of a wretched performer, was by the different hollows in the mountain softened into notes of the most pleasing melody. Not the breathing of a flute could have been sweeter, nor could the harp of *Æolus* have produced a sound more wild or uncommon. It seemed the response of the fairies, the wood nymphs, or some other sylvan inhabitant of these enchanting groves. We could have dwelt here almost for ever; but, time pressing, we reluctantly took leave of this scene of enchantment and proceeded along its shores. Here we were employed in observing the almost infinite variety of trees

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THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

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rees that stretch from two thirds of its height almost to the water's edge. In particular we remarked an holly tree producing spontaneously from its trunk, an *ash*, a *birch*, a *yew tree*, and a *white thorn*. We now sailed under *Tomes*, an higher mountain than *Glenow*, but it has not those beautiful breakings in its ascent that render the other so picturesque. Its summit is divided into two peaks and is generally covered with deer. This is the most eastern of that chain of hills which stretch from Killarney to the Western sea. Here we again sounded the horn. The echo was indeed a fine one; but it was a still echo that responded; it was not the fairy melody of *Glenow*: coasting this hill we were startled with the sound of a waterfall, and making directly to the sound soon came in sight of one of the prettiest cascades that I have seen.

This cascade is formed by a rivulet which rising in the highest steep of *Tomes*, after a rapid course down the woods that shades its sides, at length precipitates it itself in two falls of about fifty feet each within an hundred yards of the lake. This fall has not indeed the height of that at *Lidford* near *Plymouth*; but then it is more broken and variegated in its form. The surrounding rocks have more the appearance of wild nature, and the channel of the rivulet is loaded with huge stones over which the water murmurs until it loses itself in the lake. At the foot of the rock whence it precipitates itself, it has formed a deep basin of the purest water, which my classical fellow traveller calls the *Fountain of Diana*: and we were not a little surprised to find almost every rock around us covered with an English garden-flower called *London pride*. Having now surveyed almost all the principal beauties of the lower lake we steered for **Innis-*

fallin, a circular island containing about twelve acres, seated in the centre of the lake. I doubt if the most exquisite master in the art of gardening, assisted by the purse even of a sovereign prince, could collect more natural beauties than are to be found in this little spot, or place them together to greater advantage. Nature in forming it seemed to have wished to have convinced art of her infinite superiority over him; and then to have banished him for ever from this her favourite spot, by leaving no place for his reception in this island; at present tenanted by an herd of cattle.

We had determined to dine in Lord *Kenmure's* little summer house, which he has erected for the accomodation of travellers; but as the day was fine, we spread our cloth under the ruined walls of the abbey of *Fallin*. Who this *Fallin* was I know not! but whoever he was, he must have existed long since; as report informs us that this abbey was in ruins 500 years before *Mucra's* *Abbey* was built. Little now remains of it you may naturally suppose. Four bare walls enclosing a square court are all its vestiges; but it was rendered remarkable a few years since by a very uncommon circumstance; viz. The resolution of one † *Drake* an hermit to make it his place of retirement. This man (a descendant of Sir Francis *Drake*) being of a whimsical turn of mind, and having met with some misfortunes in life, removed from the rock of *Lisbon*, where he had secluded himself for some years, to this place. He appeared cloathed in a long robe, with a flowing beard, and bearing two human skulls. He slept on a pallet of straw amidst the ruins of the abbey, placing one skull at his head, the other at his feet. This seeming sanctity begot in the people a great opinion of him; but after a ten months residence in this

island,

* In *Smith's history of Kerry*, which I read since this was written, I find it called *Innis Finian*, so called from St. *Finian*, who built the abbey, and lived in the 8th century. I am happy in this opportunity of setting myself right, and at the same time making a just sacrifice of my credulity, as I rested too implicitly on the report of my conductor, and the bad pronunciation of the *Kerry mountaineer* in my account of the foundation of this abbey; having not been sufficiently versed in the obsolete antiquities of this nation.

† I find this man mentioned in an account of this lake published in a book entitled *Hibernia Curiosa* in 1764. He is there called an English pilgrim, and is said to have lived in a cell in *Mucra's* *Abbey*, which cell I have seen. This book is, of all the accounts I have read of this lake, at once the most inaccurate, jejune, and embarrased in its style and composition.

island, having been surprized in liquor he fell into disrepute; and leaving this spot retired to Mucrafs; whence (after a twelve month's penance amidst the horrors of that charnel-house) he decamped on a quarrel with Mrs. Herbert, and has not been heard of since. After an hearty meal we again got on board, and sailing by two islands, the one craggy and filled with rabbits the other a barren rock called Dognthue's prison, being the spot (if we believe tradition) in which that famous man confined his eldest son for a breach of his laws, we returned highly satisfied to Ross Castle. Having a leisure hour before sunset, we now bent our course towards the ruins of the old cathedral of Aghadoe, seated on an high hill about three miles north of Killarney.

This spot altho' it has not even the vestige of a building on it, excepting the church, has yet the see of a bishoprick annexed to that of Limerick. The Cathedral, which seems to have been more contemptible than one of our meanest parish churches, is now entirely in ruins. The four walls alone remaining, and fragments of human skeletons are not only dispersed over the floor of the church, as at Mucrafs, but even scattered in great abundance for above twenty yards around it. From this spot, we had a fine view of the lower lake by twilight, and, in particular, of the high mountains called *McGilly Cuddy's Reeks*, on the upper lake. Those mountains rising almost perpendicularly in three high peaks, each peak being covered within a third of its top, by a black thunder cloud, the summit appearing again at a great height in the pure æther above, presented one of the most striking objects I have at any time beheld. On the morrow, we again embarked at Ross Castle, and after sailing by Innisfallin soon found a narrow passage opening between Glenow on the one side and a rocky island called Dinis on the other.

We now entered this straight which communicates between the upper and the lower lakes; and which on account of the different windings in the river that forms it, is about 7 miles in length, although the real distance between these pieces of water cannot be much above three. It is impossible to conceive a more striking contrast to the soft beau-

ties of the lower lake, than is to be found in this passage. It winds amidst vast hills: some rugged, scattered with rocks: others shagged with lofty trees; not ascending on a gentle slope as at Glenow, but tottering on every cragg, and clasping the naked rock with their broad roots; seeming as it were to struggle for a foundation. There you may behold the mountains wild and irraguous, broken in a thousand precipices! here you may trace the channels hollowed in their sides, by the cataracts that pour from their summits! these cataracts when swollen by rain must present a most magnificent object, but alas! the season had been dry for some time past. Employed in contemplating these awful scenes, we almost imperceptibly arrived at the *Eagle's Airy*. This airy is a vast precipice of red marble rising from the river in a pyrimidal form to the height of 1500 feet. For three fourths of its height (where the rock will admit) it is covered with forest trees; it has a wood at its feet; and its summit is a naked cragg; the inaccessible residence of the eagle! This precipice, although from its form and colour it is the finest I have seen when viewed as a single object, yet loses much of its real height when compared with the mountains that surround it. *Chedder appears considerably higher: even the rock at † St. Vincent's well, seems almost as high. But this effect is owing to the advantage of their situation in having no surrounding hills of superior height, neither of the above mentioned precipices being near so lofty in reality. Being seated under a bank fronting the face of the rock we were surprized by sudden notes issuing as it were from the rock itself, full, loud and sonorous, as from the deepest pipes of an organ:—the whole body of the mountain seeming as it were to vibrate with the sound. This is by far the most extraordinary echo I have heard; for the horn, the cause of this wonderous effect, although placed at not more than 50 yards distance, yet by means of the intervening bank can scarcely be heard by the most attentive ear. The first sound that strikes the ear, being the echo from the cliff reverberated in notes ten times more bold and sonorous. Between the pauses in this uncommon

* In the Mendip hills near Wells in Somersetshire. † Near Bristol.

concert, a pateraroe is fired, which striking on the face of the rock with a vast explosion, is re echoed from the surrounding hills in distant peals of thunder.

Leaving this spot we again entered our boat, proceeding along the channel towards the upper lake, the hills still continue to rise with uncommon boldness! we try several echos: —Fine indeed! but not to be compared with that which we had left behind: one however repeats distinctly nine notes of the horn. The mountain deer that peep down on us from every cragg, add to the wildness of the scene. We now enter the upper lake. This lake, although it is not above half the size of the other, yet fills the philosophic eye with a scene of such commanding grandeur, as must efface every prior impression it had received from a prospect of the more delicate graces of nature. This little transparent lake, having on its surface eleven beautiful little islands, is on all sides enclosed with a rampart of such stupendous mountains, as seem from their height, and perpendicular form, to have been intended by nature as a boundary to her realm—an inaccessible barrier to stop the inquisitive traveller, who would rashly attempt to pry into *this* her most favourite retreats. But to be a little more particular; amongst the islands on this lake, which we now took a view of, the Oak Island is the largest. It is about as large as that of Innisfallin: at one end it has a small wood of oak; the rest of it is a rock, and brush wood.

Some way from this is the Eagle's Island, so called from its being the residence of that king of birds. Landing here we were with some little difficulty of the way conducted to his nest, built on a low cragg by the water, and which consists of nothing more than a few loose sticks and some heath carelessly laid on a flat rock. Of the other islands in this lake it is sufficient to say that they are small, rocky, and covered with flowering shrubs: only I must particularize the Dunhill-Island, which is a small rock exactly circular, and covered all over with arbutus.

Having now taken the circuit of this lake we bent our course for Rowning's Island in which we purposed to dine. This island is at the upper end of the lake, and consists, like the other islands, of a solid rock, so entirely covered with

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shrubs, that there is scarcely room for footing, except in a little cove where we landed. At going on shore we were surprized with the appearance of two most extraordinary habitations. The largest (in which we spread our cloth) is about 30 feet long and 7 broad. Poles are set in the ground inclining towards each other until their tops meet; within three feet of the top cross beams are let in to support them. The spaces between the poles are filled up with a watling of small faggot sticks. A covering of mois is laid over the whole. In the inside we perceived no other furniture than a few sedges strewed on the floor, and a mattrass of the same materials in one corner. The other hut placed at about three yards distance from this, is of about half the size. We found in this a fire-place, an hole on its top for the conveyance of smoke, a spit formed of wood, and a few other kitchen utensils of the tame materials.

Guess our disappointment, when we were told that this was neither the habitation of an hermit, a wild Indian, or a Crusoe, but of one Mr. Rowning a gentleman possessed of about 600l. per ann. near Cork, and who spends nine months out of the twelve in this place; and that not with a view of admiring the awful scenes that surround him, but merely for the sake of destroying an extraordinary quantity of Grouse! I know of no spot more suited to a contemplative disposition than this —In your front rises an high mountain covered with slate rock, on which the sun darting his beams tinges with a glowing purple. In your back ground; a cataract 70 feet high dashes over a black precipice. The entrance of the lake on your right hand is hid from your view by vast hills; and on your left rise the reeks of McGilly Cuddy, their summits being lost amidst the clouds. If any circumstance could have added to the magnificence of such a scene it was this, that the fog, which had hitherto covered every hill with darkness, being dispersed by the wind resolved itself into gloomy clouds, which now almost concealing the sun, and now being pierced through by its beams, cast an alternate light and shade over the prospect. In our return to the lower lake we passed through the middle lake, which is only divided from it by the promontory of Mucraff. It is about

N n

two

two miles long and half a mile broad, and has not one island on it. Just as we got to Innisfallin we were overtaken by one of the sudden gusts of wind which rush from the mountains with such amazing quickness as to render it dangerous to hoist a sail on the lake. But being near our home we soon got to Killarney, highly satisfied with our expedition, having seen the lake in all its variety, in fog, in sun-shine, and in a storm. In our return we took notice of a rock bearing some resemblance to an horse drinking, and which is remarkable for being bespattered by Dognahue, when he makes his appearance amongst his countrymen; and also of a low cragg famous for being the habitation of two Ospreys who build here annually, coming in August, and departing with their young ones in September; and I was told that only the parents return the year following, none of their brood accompanying them.

With a curiosity as yet untaughted we now determined to scale mount Mangerton; and the cockswain of the Lord Kenmure boat offering to conduct us, we mounted two Irish hacks at three in the morning, and after scrambling for three miles over more rocks than art on Penmanmaur, arrived at the foot of the mountain. This mountain, although it is accounted the highest in Ireland, being * 1500 yards perpendicular above the level of the lake, yet does not appear of any considerable height when compared with the adjacent hills. The Turk-mountain which nearly joins it, appears to the eye almost as lofty; and the reeks of Mc Gilly Cuddy seem to tower far above it. But this is owing to the form of these mountains, which from narrow bases rise almost in a perpendicular direction, terminating in sharp pinnacles, whereas the base of Mangerton is broad, its top level, and its ascent gradual; yet scattered so thick with rocks of a kind of brown marble,

as scarcely to admit of footing for our horses. However they bounded from rock to rock like deer, having been used to roads of this nature. As we gained ground we could perceive the other hill as it were receding below us, and were not a little surprized, on halting on a cragg some way up the mountain, to find that we not only commanded the summit of the Turk, but almost of every hill around us. In short: in about four hours we arrived within 100 yards of the top, when dismounting, we soon gained it on foot, and found it to consist of a flat marshy spot about a mile in circumference and having two pools of water on it. From the eminence we were richly repaid for the trouble we had taken in ascending it.

On the east we opened our view on two lakes we had never before observed, on the range of the Kerry hills towards Millstreet, and carried it over vast extent of cultivated country beyond them. On the west we commanded the upper lake of Killarney, with the river that flows from it surrounded by all its mountains; which from their form, and quick succession, presented a scene not unsimilar to the waves of a troubled ocean. We observed their sides flagged with wood, and their tops crowned with lakes, or rugged precipices. Southward we cast our wandering eye over the River Kenmure, for a course of 50 miles and saw it lose itself in the ocean. We marked the luxuriance of its shores bounded by distant mountains, and saw plainly the vast Atlantic beyond them; and on the north we looked down on the lower lake lying with its beautiful islands at an immense distance below us; on Killarney, Muckrath, Aghadoe and a great space, of rich country, which seemed sunk into a plain; common hills being scarce discernible from so great an eminence.

We commanded the Bay of Dingle, with the chain of mountains that bound it to the north: and the majesty of

Brandon

* This is the computation of its height by the people round the lake. Hibernia makes it only 106 yards. The middle way is the easiest reconciled. Therefore as the surface of the lake is considerably above the level of the ocean, supposing we say: that it is 1026 yards above the level of the lake, and 1500 above that of the ocean; which is its greatest perpendicular height. Although it was the 9th of June when we ascended, and a very hot day in the vale, we felt ourselves so cold on the summit that our servant could scarcely hold the horses bridles. The winds come over the top of this hill with such excessive rapidity as to compel those that feed cattle on it to lie down to avoid being buried off the mountain.

Brandon towering far above the whole, closed the stupendous scene. Having satisfied our eyes with this amazing prospect we began to descend, coasting a torrent which arising from the Devil's punch bowl (a piece of water of about an acre and half within a small space of the summit) foams down the steepest side of the mountain, as if eager to shelter itself in the vale below. This torrent, although at this time the body of water was not considerable, yet from its height, the breadth of the channel, and the vast rocks it is loaded with, must in winter present a most astonishing object. In the descent on this side, which was ten times more difficult than our ascent, being much steeper and more rocky, my friend ***** disclosed his madness. He had indeed before given indications of its approach by muttering something about the Alps: — remarking that there was but one *Gisgo*; and asking his astonished guide if he did not see the plains of Italy? But now looking up, and actually beholding an eagle hovering over his head, on the highest summit of the mountains, he lost all further reason; boldly pronounced himself to be Hannibal, called me *Gisgo*, his faithful John, Maherbal, and the cockswain of my Lord Kenmure, the Prince of the Allobroges! Then crying out " Soldiers! — behold your reward!" — he seized his steed by the bridle and strode with haughty steps to the bottom. Here we found ourselves in the road which leads from Killarney to Bantry Bay. This road, which runs for 12 miles between great precipices, within two miles of Killarney is carried on between one of the highest peaks of Mangerton and the Turk. It runs over a ledge of the latter, which rises perpendicularly on the left, covered with naked crags. On the right, a precipice breaks the torrent from Mangerton which here first meets the vale; and beyond rises that king of mountains, in a steeper precipice, beautifully chequered with wood and rock work. A scene so stupendous as this gives the eye already wearied with beholding these wonders of wild uncultivated nature, a prospect of scenes to come still more wild, still more uncultivated than those which have already filled it; when winding round the basis of the Turk it strikes at once on the transparent lake

(cluttered with its flowery islands) on Mucrals, Killarney and the weatern; and all the verdant forests that wave on the steeps of *Tom's* and *Glenow*. The lake appears nowhere to greater advantage than from this spot. The islands are not lost by distance as they appear from the summit of Mangerton; nor again doth the vicinity of one island exclude the prospect of its neighbour, but they lay just sufficiently at our feet to give us a perfect view of all the fairy scenes which they displayed. We reluctantly left this scene of enchantment and turned our willing steeds towards Cork.

Thus, Madam, I have given you with an unclritical minuteness, the observations I have made on this celebrated lake: endeavouring rather to convey to your mind a *clear* idea of its charms, than to call forth my descriptive powers in heightening them. I am afraid that writers, in their accounts of this lake, have not so much intended to have given an exact description of the many *real* beauties it possesses, as under the head, Killarney, to have exerted the whole force of their invention, in painting an ideal scene, which might exceed in luxuriance the garden of Armida, or all the wanton imaginations the poets have conceived. Hence the fret work of its rocks has been hollowed into caverns! the rocks themselves lifted to the skies, and Mangerton vies with the cloud-topped Olympus! hence again, the lake itself rivals the Caspian; the transparency of its waters, the purest crystal; the surrounding crags exceed the flight of Jove's bird, and the report of a piteraroe the loudest explosions of his thunder! thus the imagination warmed by description, and the curiosity awakened with the prospect of beholding scenes which can never have existence in nature, it is little matter of wonder that the first sight of this lake seldom fails of disappointing the inquisitive traveller. But as this first impression decays, what numberless beauties arise every moment to view! in what a rich, in what an endless variety do they succeed! almost all those scenes which nature has scattered throughout her extensive empire, are here to be found collected on a smaller scale. Do you admire the luxuriance of Finian, behold it in the promontory of Mucrals. Mark in the

heights of *Glenow*, the proud magnificence of Juan Fernandez! In Innisfallin see the island of The Happy. Insensible to the softer prospects of nature would you court her in her wildest garb? cast your eye on the upper lake! the mountains lift their bleak heads to the sky and pour the torrent from their summit. Would you behold her in all her variety? Would you blend the beautiful and sublime? Ascend the proud summit of Mangerton: thence mark the scene which bursts on the astonished sight. Regardless of the wonders she displays, do you court her for the convenience she bestows? Lo! she has showered them on this little spot with the hand of profusion: the lake is filled with fish, and the mountains with game of every species to procure you either plenty or delight. In short, until the softer scenes of nature shall cease to enchant the classic mind; her rude magnificence to awake the contemplative; or the joys of the field to delight the vigorous sportsmen; Killarney shall ever stand first amongst the favourite works of nature.

I am, &c.

D. E.

AN APPENDIX TO THE ABOVE,
WRITTEN SINCE.

Perhaps whoever reads this, may be surprized at my mentioning only 2 or 3 islands out of 37, which the lower lake contains, but my reason for the omission is, that the far greater part of those islands are only small rocks; Dognahue's horse being reckoned amidst the number. It may also be asked why I have given no account of the properties of the celebrated arbutus; or never once touched on the stag chase? But there are an infinite number of

descriptions of this lake that treat of these subjects with the greatest accuracy: to those I refer the reader for satisfaction on these heads. I have not also described in the strait between the two lakes, the carrying place under the Turk; where, on the passengers landing the boat is obliged to be hauled through a small bridge of one arch on account of the shallowness of the water; neither have I taken any notice whatsoever of those rocks which the boatmen assimilate to ships, monkeys, and a variety of other forms, and which some writers seem to dwell upon with so much satisfaction. My intention, in this letter, is to mark the bold outlines which were dashed out by the masterly pencil of nature. I leave to others, who have more leisure and less imagination, to compile an index of the rocks in the county of Kerry. I may however in some parts of my account seem to have dwelt more particularly on some points than my general plan would admit of. But I am aware that as some writers are too minute, others again are too general. The compilers of some accounts of this lake, seem in their composition to have taken the three general terms of rock, wood, and water. Then by putting rock upon water, wood upon rock, and water upon wood again, to have jumbled together a disjointed scene; such as nature in her most fantastic moments could never have dreamt of effecting. The reader of such account, finding no striking point by which he might unravel the clew, becomes as confused as the writer; and at last he is possessed of no other idea of this lovely scene, than that it is a general combination of rock, wood, and water.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ONE great design of your useful miscellany is to transmit to posterity transactions worthy of being remembered; and as you have been pleased to insert the anecdote I sent you the last month, concerning the interview held between a sovereign pontiff and Mr. Goodwin; I am encouraged to send you another piece of intelligence, that was never yet published.

It relates to that great and good man,

Philip Lord Wharton (who had a considerable hand in bringing about the glorious revolution by King William, of immortal memory) and is a proof of his high regard for religious liberty. I received the account from the Rev. Mr. Philipps, of Beach-hill, near Reading, Berks, above forty years ago; which is as fresh in my memory, as if I had heard it but yesterday.

It happened, while Mr. Philipps

was

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a domestic chaplain of Lord Wharton, that a living in his lordship's gift fell by the death of an incumbent. A clergyman applied for it, to whom his lordship said; "Sir, it is my custom to dispose of the livings that I am the patron of, to those who perform these three conditions, viz. In the first place, the minister must *pray* in my family; I don't mean, *read* prayers; for any one of my servants is able to do that. In the next place, he must preach in my family, that I may have a taste of his

gifts that way. And then, he is to go to the destitute parish; and if the people approve of him, the living is his"—The worthy clergyman accordingly fulfilled the conditions to the satisfaction of the parties and was inducted.

Comparing present with ancient things, one can hardly forbear exclaiming in the words of Virgil, *Aeneid. 6.* *Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!*

I am, Sir, your humble servant.
June 6. 1782. R. W.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A TRIP TO MARGATE.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY ANSEGISE CLEMENT, GENTLEMAN.

(Continued from our last, page 221.)

THE RETURN.

NOW if I were in your place, said the old soldier to his companion, I should certainly get him cured first, and then send him to his friends afterwards.

—It was broad day-light as he said this, and the sun just dawning over the top of the hill told me it was high time to get home to bed:—I had been up all night upon just such another *barum sciarum* scheme as the reader has seen me involved, in at the fag end of the last chapter.

—Here, Francis, do carry this half crown to that tall death-looking man there in the black coat, and bid him not interrupt me, by bawling out that I ought to have finished that adventure before I had begun this.

—So—now I have got rid of my critic I can go on in peace.—'Twas just such another scheme of madness, I may say, as the last.—If there was any difference—it was that it had something more virtue in it;—I ought to have been a bed five hours ago, but the old soldier popping upon me with his advice, I had an irresistible impulse to hear the rest of the story—so checking my horse into a gentle walk, and getting something nearer to the edge of the road, I heard every thing that passed on the other side of the hedge as distinctly as if I had been of the party.

—But the poor gentleman, said the soldier, is so dangerously ill, and moans

so piteously about his home, and his friends—that I could not for my soul help coming here to seek for a physician for him:—if he should die—I think I shall die too for weeping.—Here the old man leaned upon the arm of his companion, and as he turned away his face to wipe away the overflowings of humanity—his friend drew his hand across his face while a tear of sympathy fell from his eyes.—Record it ye angels, who minute down the lesser testimonies of an honest heart!—one tear of this sort is more acceptable to God than an hundred colleges and hospitals erected to perpetuate the name of the founder.

—As the old man had not yet sufficiently dried up his tears to resume the thread of his discourse, and as I hate beating about and about a story when I feel myself interested in the event—I thought this was the best time to get to the bottom of the matter at once without further chicanery or artifice;—so thrusting my head a little forward, between a gentle opening in the hedge—I asked in a few words, and with all the cordiality I was master of, what was the matter? I had popped upon the old soldier at the very luckiest point of time that could have been discovered had I waited a twelve month for it;—'twas just at that very juncture when the more animated emotions of the soul beginning to subside gradually into a cooler and more reasonable sort of grief

grief—the whole frame feels itself the better for the movement: 'tis not a diminution of grief—only a little variation in its effect;—the mind is then capable of judging of the weight of its grief and of estimating the circumstances which may alleviate it:—to a man who knows what a distressed mind can feel 'tis worth a million to hit upon the time;—before—consolation tends rather to aggravate than soothe—after that time, it loses half its effect.—Now the old soldier being taken by surprise exactly at this moment, made no scruple of telling me all the circumstances of his grief *from* beginning to end.

THE DIFFICULTY.

—Aid me, ye kindred powers! who erst have poured upon the beclouded minds of labouring scribblers, the brightening influence of your light:—lend me your pens—ye men of genius and learning:—restrain—most gracious reader—the effervescencies of your imagination—stop, I beseech, you till I can wade through the difficulties that surround me.—Lay down the book, Madam, I must positively have half an hour to myself to consider seriously of what I am to do next.—The story of *Bolton's* adventure, which I heard from him the morning after my last interview with *Julia*, coming first both in order of time and precedence, ought according to all the established rules of writing to have had the first place in this chapter—then the story of *Julia*, which I had heard immediately before I overtook the *old soldier*, would come in next; and lastly the adventure which I am now writing would have wound up the whole affair with exactness—to balance all this—if I had told *Bolton's* story first this, would have lost half its interest with the reader—and if *Julia's* had taken its place, it would have too much interrupted the course of the narrative—as this stands at present after the explanation it may serve as a clue to the rest—and I shall at the same time indulge my imagination by writing that first, which has made the warmest impression upon it.

—I had just finished the last sentence, and my head beginning to ache (the reader may perceive it to be a sentence of labour not to say dulness) I had thrown myself back in my arm-chair to consider leisurely of what I

ought to do—it was a dismal piece of business—all the compositor ideas in my *pericranium* had gotten somehow or other so jumbled and jostled together, it was impossible to make any thing out of them—here a whole train running all one way led me plump directly into the middle of *Julia's* story—it must be so said I to myself—I must write this story first:—then again all confusion and puzzlement by the intrusion of a stray thought popping upon me on a sudden—like a jack o'lantern—with a lamentable remonstrance about *Bolton* and his story—between them both I could not move a step either one way or the other; (what a fine piece of business for a critic to get a few shillings by)—I might have sat there till doomsday, ruminating about *Bolton* and *Julia*—*Julia* and *Bolton*;—but the fates had ordained it otherwise—very well, said I, rising from my chair as I spoke—I am determined to dispute the matter no longer with a brain so perplexed and obstinate as mine is at present:—so taking three turns across the room just while I settled the matter in my mind—I rang the bell, and bid Francis get my horse to the door and my boots ready:—the devil must be in it, said I, if this will not do:—but perhaps your worships do not understand my plan:—in which case 'twere better not to have said a word about it:—it will not cost us two minutes to explain the whole affair.

THE EXPLANATION.

—It was not till the latter end of the reign of *George the First*—or perhaps the beginning of *George the Second*—when the roads in England had received a considerable degree of improvement that the invention first came into fashion: there was no such thing as making use of it as the roads were before then—the ruts would not suffer it: you might as well have laid the plan of your short essay in three volumes, folio, printed and sold at Amsterdam, *De Tunicis Romanis*, you might as well have laid the plan of it, Sir, in a blacksmith's shop—pardon the simile, 'tis neither good nor bad but as you interpret it—for who but a madman would find the least analogy between a great man's composing a great book in his study, and a blacksmith labouring in his shop all day—beating peradventure an obstinate

obstinate poker into better shape?—Now let us go on again:—after that time the fashion has been gaining ground every day as the roads grew better and wider.—I would not take twenty pounds for the honour of first making it known to the world.—An author now a-days—if he has but the least grain of wit or fancy in his composition—no sooner finds himself bewildered and be puzzled between two plans—and knows not for his soul to which of them he ought to apply himself, but he instantly mounts his horse (that is to say if he keeps one—if he does not only pray to God to send him better luck—for 'tis the very principle and *primum mobile* of all good writing—and therefore I desire for the future it may be known by the name of *equi-scriptation*—and now recollect the last word before the parenthesis) and galloping away with all the speed his horse is master of—presently gets the stories with all their incumbrances so effectually out of his head that it is all as well with him as it was before:—now the stories and all their incumbrances having been sent by the first post to the devil—and the mind freed from all its tares and concerns—*the devil* or perhaps some other kinder spirit quickly supplies the imagination with work of another sort to make itself busy upon—it is received with all imaginable gratitude—and then away he goes with a frisk—and a bound—and a caper to the end of the chapter.—It is for this reason, an' please your worships, that whenever I write free and easy and unconstrained—like my great grandfather Adam—who was as merry a laughter loving, woman-loving fellow as ever existed—but whether he was an author or no that you must take the trouble to enquire—I say whenever I write well and easily it is always done on horseback:—and whenever on the contrary, I write stupidly, for all the world like a Dutch commentator, your worships may then safely conclude that it is a most infernal rainy day—or that I have got a cold—or a cough, or a head-ache—or any other disorder—only excepting gonorrhœas and all stages of the *lues venerea*—and am thereupon confined to a little narrow hole of a parlour—which was the case with me that blessed morning—being the 22d day of August 1781—where for my

soul I could not strike out one good thought—and now you see I strike out nothing but good thoughts:—but of this the world is the best judge.

THE MILL.

—I had not rode above a couple of miles backwards and forwards across the fields before the advantage I have been speaking of came home to me and in the pleasantest manner imaginable—it was certainly the most fruitful peregrination, and the most richly diversified (with adventures, that could have been desired.

—It was the luckiest stumble that ever was made—for if it had not been for that, I had infallibly gone on meditating upon the succession and association of ideas till I had spread such a cloud over the finer and more subtle parts of the brain as would have cost me ten days to have dissipated again:—Heaven knows, said I—spurring my horse into a gentle trot—I have been be-puzzled enough already without the addition of any new difficulties.—A mill which was the object that presented itself caught my attention in a very particular manner: not that I wanted to examine into the machinery of it as a mechanist would do—no—if ever there was a science which appeared to mortal man to be utterly unattainable either by genius or application—that of mechanics appears so to me—I never was able to reach any of the first principles of it, and if it had not been for an accident which is not worth relating—I had never understood the movements of a child's common watch.—It is therefore as clear as the sun which is now shining upon me this 29th day of May—but whether on account of the anniversary of the restoration—or merely to throw some light upon the dark and mysterious parts of this work—that is not quite so clear—for though I reverence the laughter-loving *æra* of *Charles the Second*—as much as any one in the catalogue of the British monarchs—although I know no more than Nebuchadnezzar—in the midst of his royal bear skin—what I shall write in the next half hour—yet I cannot but suppose that this work will one time or other be of more consequence to the world than either of them, and is therefore more worthy of the sun's blessed light and influence—and now you see the simile has led me out of all reasonable order and

and proportion—and therefore it were better to begin the matter over again.—

I say it is as clear as the sun—no matter what occasion it shines about, that I could have no other views in my head, but that of driving all my former cogitations out of it—let no man say I looked like Don Quixote going in quest of adventures:—the satire is a vile one—and I wish with all my soul as it makes against my present system—it had never been made.—I will take a peep, said I, into this mill—if it be only to see what the inside is made of.—It cannot be of iron or brass, said I, digesting the matter in my mind—the wheels would make such an eternal wrangling and jangling—notwithstanding they all ran perpetually on the same way—it would put me in mind—I wanted a simile—of man and wife, whispered the devil—of man and wife said I.

THE MILL.

—She has been waiting for you this half hour, said a little sturdy figure of a miller's man, that had just then stepped from behind a cart—the devil, she has, said I, and pray where?—They have all been ready this some time, answered he—and the bride was beginning to be angry with you for not coming to your time.—The devil she was—said I to myself again—why this is more than any man could reasonably have expected—I did but just turn up here to take an innocent peep into a mill—of which I protest I knew no more than I do of a wife—and presently I am told that the bride has been waiting for me this half hour, and is angry that I did not come before—I looked down upon the collar of my old riding coat—no, said I, she could not be such a fool as to fall in love with me—in this dress especially said vanity, softening the matter—there must be some mistake in it—search to the bottom of it—said the demon of sportability—whispering in my ear:—shew me to her, said I—the little miller took my horse and running up to the door of a little smart brick house that stood beside the mill, baulked out.—the gentleman is come—a rustling of silks and petticoats up stairs told me that was the way, and before I had gone three steps forward I could hear them plainly upon the landing place—well

this is the most impudent project, said I to myself stopping, that ever brazen-faced knight of the broad banner of impudence executed—I wish I was well out of it—the gentleman is come, said the little miller again—there is no recourse then,—but in impudence—so running briskly up stairs in order to gain courage by the way—I caught hold of the first white hand that presented itself to me at the top of it:—Heavens! said the bride—whose hand I had taken—and she turned her head the other way—we all walked instinctively into the room.—The miller's wife supposing full surely that I had business with her husband, and not caring it should be transacted there—asked if she should call him into the next room; you may do as you please about that, said I—but it is with this lady that I have business, for she has been waiting for me this half hour, and is moreover very angry that I did not come before—the whole company

—the miller's wife—and the two younger daughters—with all the cousins and bride maids—all turned their eyes upon the bride.—I!—said the blushing—I deny it:—I beg your pardon, Madam, said I, bowing slightly—but I have been called almost out of the King's highway, and told that you had been waiting for me with all imaginable anxiety—and now that I am come—I appeal to the whole company if any man in my situation would not consider it rather hard to be told after all—that he is not wanted, and was not expected at all:—indeed, Madam, said I, laughing, for I could be serious no longer—it is cruel.—The miller's wife, who I found had seen the man accosting me as she was looking for the bridegroom through the window, burst into a laugh, and all the rest soon following her example—I was not sorry for the adventure.—It is all John's fault said she, and we ought to beg your pardon, Sir, for having been the occasion of so much trouble to you:—the bride joined in the laugh, and since the days of Adam I believe there never was a merrier room full of people either before or after a wedding—so we all sat down together and I might have staid and been merry with them all day and all night too:—but I have other business said I upon my hands.—Allons—I shall get to Dover before the French effect their landing

landing—were they coming?—Not that I know of:—*Allons.*

—So you have left your husband and your children behind you—and are come out to sell cabbages, and greens, and potatoes, and onions, and garlick?—I have no husband, said she—no—no—children.—Then you have a father or mother no doubt to take care of?—She said she had.—But they perhaps have got colds—and catarrhs—and rheumatisms—and coughs—and sciaticas?—God help them, said she, but with an accent so piteous—and withal bearing such a relation to the last word in the interrogation—it was impossible any longer to mistake her meaning—and by heaven, said I, I will not:—she sat in a cleanly little gardener's cart—heaped up on all sides with cabbage, &c.—so leaving my horse to follow us as he pleased—I jumped directly into the middle of it—cabbages and potatoes and all.

—Oh! that cursed garlic!—what a vile stink!—and it is directly under my nose:—it is the first time said the smiling, I ever heard of a nose offended at garlic:—now what has the devil been putting into this girl's head?—And what became of that conference neither you, Sir, nor any body else can know any more than my horse—by Heaven not so much, for he almost touched us with his nose all the time!

—And there lies my comfort.—If I thought, Sir, that either you or any man living could possibly divine or conceive how the gardener's daughter and I contrived to put my nose out of the way of the garlick and onions and all the other combustible matter that lay in the cart—I swear by St. *Diego*—the faint of the great whiskers—who will one day or other call me to account for it, I would leave the whole story entirely out of the book!

LE MUSICIEN AMBULANT.

—A little rosy-faced son of mirth, with a huge pimple upon each cheek, and a fiddle in his hand, stepped up just as I had parted with the gardener's daughter with her garlic and her onions and all her other combustible matter, and the day beginning to wax something hot, he stopped just before me to wipe his face:—and you have had a miserable long journey of

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it no doubt, and know not for your soul how to get through the other half—but you have made no bargain as to time, and will be merry nevertheless:—I had spoken this merely upon the presumption which I had formed, upon the first sight of his face, that he was a merry fellow—and was not disappointed.—Never the less merry—said he, punning—an' please your honour upon that account.—I made a bargain with my spirits before I set out, that they should serve me this journey, but as they seemed rather inclined to fail me just before I met you, I had resolved to fiddle them into tune again—so sitting down upon a bank he began to tune his fiddle—now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I should stop too, and see how this fellow gets his spirits into tune—it will at worst be but half an hour lost—but, said I, will it not be better spent than in conning over the dates and title pages of books, which is the employment of half the learned world?—This settled the matter in my mind.—It was a merry tune, and a merry roundelay did he sing to it.

Pleasure lessens as it flies,
Life's too short to enjoy it;
Why the plague should we be wife
Who never can be cloy'd with't?

Laugh and sing while we may,
Never yield to sorrow;
Whether we laugh, or weep, or play,
Still succeeds to-morrow.

Wisdom leave we to the wise,
Sorrow to the truly wretched;
But that mirth which they despise
Bids us hasten to be blest.

Pleasure lessens as it flies,
Life's too short to enjoy it;
Why the plague should we be wife
Who never can be cloy'd with't?

—It had been his maxim, he said, for many years, and would he hoped continue to as long as he lived, always to make the best he could of every incident of his life—as for sorrow, Sir, said he, to be sure a little of it may be necessary sometimes—just to shew us what mirth is—but a plague on it—it is bad food for a man to live on:—I never indulged myself in it but once in my life—and I have been so sorry

for it since, that I believe I never shall be able, with all the mirth and laughter that I can possibly get, to make up for it again. Here he began to tell me the history of his life—that he had been first of all a gentleman's servant—then a sailor—then a soldier—then a strolling player—afterwards a gentleman's servant again—and lastly he had resolved to take up the profession of fiddling, because he was always fond of rambling, and he was then his own master. He had a wife, he said, in almost every town in England, and he never failed to call upon them all in their turns—he had lost the first wife he ever had, whom he loved sincerely—and his grief for that accident had worn him almost to a skeleton—so that at that time he had some thoughts of turning methodist preacher—but he thought fiddling the more honest employment of the two—and therefore he had attached himself to it.

I had had enough of fiddling and adventures for my money, so dropped a shilling into his hat and rode away.

—“I for him my home forsook
Near yon misty mountain;”

—It was sung in the most plaintive tone I ever heard—so had stopped at the corner of the little copse from where the voice proceeded, to hear it better—the voice went on—

“Left my pipe—my flock—my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain.”

—Here she was interrupted by a flood of tears—and as I looked forward through the trees—I could plainly perceive *Julia* sitting at the foot of one of them that spread its branches over her head:—when she had dried up her tears, she arose, and looking towards her native shore sung the last verse over again—then sat down again and wept—to me, who knew the cause of her sorrow it was a scene of the most agonizing misery; and I am determined the reader shall know it too before I write a word more about the matter.

THE STORY OF JULIA.

Julia's father and mother were the tenants of a little farm in one of the delightful vales in *Burgundy*—it had been the residence of the family some years—and all the villagers around were witnesses to the happiness and fidelity of the family of *La Fosse*—*Julia*, their only child, lived in an uninterrupted

state of rural tranquillity—every morning she arose to see the rising sun, and to hear the voice of the woodlark echoing over her native plains—every evening she saw it setting, and she heard the vespers of the nightingale; she knew of no other state of happiness but that which she enjoyed:—the sun, said she, since I saw it rise has passed over many nations immersed in business and splendor—she thanked God that she had never been beyond the mountains that surrounded her own valley, and slept. She had a heart formed for the enjoyment of the little elegancies of life—and even in that retirement, she was not wholly destitute of them—she played enchantingly upon a little rural guitar—she danced with the swains of the village and —— was happy.—So lived *Julia*: —— but, alas! she lived not so long.

—A young Englishman of fortune, weary of the riot and dissipation of *Paris*, had retired to spend a few weeks in solitude and retirement:—he tore himself from all his acquaintance, who declared themselves inconsolable for his absence:—in a few days he was forgotten—they flew to other companions—unwearied with the succession of pleasures, or unacquainted with the enjoyments of solitude or reason.—Unfortunately for *Julia* their valley in particular attracted his admiration—and her father, allured by the greatness of the reward, was tempted to receive him into his house.—He brought with him only one servant with horses for each of them—but his train and equipage remained in a town not far off.—An acquaintance with *Julia* followed of course, and he possessed but too many attractions to be long an object of indifference with her—his own heart too was sensibly touched—but he had learned to gratify his passions by the seduction of the innocent objects of his wishes:—he loved *Julia*—yet he marked her down for destruction!—every interview served to increase his passion—and render him more amiable to *Julia*. He sung with her by the side of the little running stream that watered her father's lands—and he talked to her of the treachery of the world—and was himself every day more and more an example of it.—It was impossible that *Julia* should be blind to so many accomplishments:—he told her the tale of

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A TRIP TO MARGATE. 283

pity—and wept to it himself—she saw his heart was a tender one—like her own—yet though he wept sincerely at a tale of woe—he could lay plans of similar misery for others.—O man! how frail is thy nature!

Their hearts were now perfectly entwined together—every day each of them discovered new allurements to love—and new sources of admiration—each working their own misery—but *Julia* with the utmost simplicity of innocence. *Florio* had exceeded the bounds which he had fixed to his retirement:—his friends were impatient for his return—every excuse rendered them the more importunate, and at length his presence at the metropolis was absolutely necessary:—his heart was unalterably fixed with *Julia*—and she was to be left perhaps for ever in the valley.—The day of departure arrived:—the morning was passed in all the solemnity of inward sorrow—he had formed a plan to carry *Julia* with him by force, but his heart failed him and he yielded to its dictates. At length he parted with *Julia*—each of them in an agony of heart which cannot be expressed—he had a field or two to walk over to meet his carriage which he had sent for to the vale—when he reached it he stopped to take one farewell look—perhaps an eternal one—of the object of all his cares. *Julia* was standing upon a little hillock—by the side of her paternal lands: he waved his handkerchief—*Julia* returned the salute and wept. All the resolves of prudence failed—he turned back again without knowing for what purpose—and *Julia* as if by instinct walked forward to meet him. They met and wept again—he led her forward towards his carriage—and she followed him almost without knowing it—a servant held the door open—*Florio* entered—stood upon the step—bedewed her hand with his tears and bid her adieu. The door was shut—the carriage just going to proceed—they looked at each other—and this is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet: *Florio* opened the door—stood upon the step, and took *Julia*'s hand again—and why should we part? They consulted only their hearts—*Julia* set her foot upon the step—looked back to her father's little cottage—then wept—looked at *Florio*—and entered.

—Here I drop the curtain!—the feelings of their breasts no pen can express.

—They reached *Paris*—but before that time *Julia* had lost her honour—perhaps with a mind so refined as her's it could not be called a loss of virtue. *Julia* was presently involved in all the luxuries of the metropolis—while they were new, they served to stupefy and astonish—afterwards, she pursued them from habit—and the necessity of drowning thought—yet in the midst of the wantonness of dissipation she would reflect upon the enjoyments of her paternal valley, and weep—when she thought of her deserted father and mother—she could not weep—her heart bled with agony—it was the agony of a virtuous mind struggling with all the allurements of pleasure—and all the blandishments of dissipation.—*Florio*'s sorrow was almost equal to her own—but tempered with the gratifications of love—and more easily drowned into stupidity. At length, he became weary of the succession of similar pleasures—and sought relief in *London*. From this place *Julia* contrived to send a letter to her parents—in which she informed them that she was happy—and begged that they would be so too—by this she softened the pungency of reflection—and could think of home with less horror—as she thought her parents less wretched. They passed many months together, if not happily—at least with an alleviation of sorrow. But *Florio* though he felt all that could be expected in a lover—yet began to be weary of confinement—and passed less of his time with *Julia* than her wishes had led her to expect. He loved *Julia*—but he also loved the world—and *Julia* thought better than herself. She thought herself neglected—and could not bear it without repining in secret. She became jealous, but hinted not her suspicions to *Florio*.

—She never told her grief,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek.

—She had one morning indulged herself with a walk—and returning home, she saw *Florio* handing a lady out of a coach into a house in a neighbouring street—it was a mere instance of common civility, but *Julia* immediately supposed she had discovered the favoured rival; and coming home she packed up some cloaths, with the most valuable part of her jewels—and got into a post-

chaise—without knowing where to drive to: the *Margate* diligence, at that time passing by, settled the matter, and she arrived in the evening at *Margate*: she was at first accommodated at a boarding house, but chusing a more retired mode of life at length settled herself as a boarder at a farm-house not far off. It was in an excursion from this place that my acquaintance with her commenced. She had lost the bitterness of grief—but the cause of it still remained—it was now rather a settled sort of melancholy, which gave way at times, however, to a gleam of chearfulness, and was sometimes heightened into the agony of sorrow. She could join occasionally in the merriment of the world—but was more frequently pleased with solitude and retirement.

Her acquaintance, *Jenet*, was the daughter of a neighbouring farmer—and her company was frequently useful to her in the keener moments of despair: she sometimes persuaded her to pass those hours in the little amusements of life which would otherwise have been spent in tears and reflections. *Julia* still retained her passion for music—it was her favourite amusement but sometimes a melancholy strain would stir up anew the causes of her grief—and overwhelm her with tears: it was in one of these moments that I found her at the little copse—the song was but too well adapted to her situation: and she was paying the tribute of nature to its merit.

(To be continued.)

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

A Concise History of the Proceedings of the Second Session of the FIFTEENTH Parliament of Great Britain. Begun and holden at Westminister, on Tuesday the 27th of November, 1781. (Continued from our last, p. 240.)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Wednesday, May 1.

THE bill from the Commons to disqualify contractors, under certain descriptions, to become members of that House, being read the second time, and a motion made and seconded for committing it.—

The Lord Chancellor left the wool-sack, and delivered his sentiments as a private peer against the principle and the enacting clauses of the bill. His lordship contended, that an act disfranchising any class of subjects would be an enormous violation of the British constitution, and he expressed his surprise that a bill of such magnitude should be brought forward so late in the session, but as that could not now be remedied, he called upon their lordships, deliberately and maturely to weigh all the consequences that would result from passing such a bill into a law, contrary to every rule of equity; for no crime had been proved against that body of men or any individual of them, who are to be deprived of one of their dearest rights by the bill. They had not been tried and convicted by any jury, and therefore it was idle as well as cruel, to found an act of parliament on bare suspicion. Facts sufficiently proved should be the ground on which laws for the removal of evils should be built.

Earl Mansfield supported the opinion of the Chancellor, and declared that he should vote with him against the commitment of the bill. His lordship urged the danger of

admitting innovations on the old established constitution of the realm. He asked the friends of the bill, if making all contracts with government free to every subject, openly in the face of day, would not answer all the good purposes intended by the bill, without depriving any set of men of those rights and privileges, the enjoyment of which had been sanctified to them by the constitution of their country, and by great length of time.

The Bishop of Chester declared he could not give his assent to a bill, the principle of which he considered as unchristian-like and uncharitable, for it meant to censure, to condemn, and to punish men, upon a probability of corruption, without offering any proof of its existence. His lordship likewise objected to it as an *ex post facto* law, which of all others was the most dangerous in this land of liberty, and he concluded with offering an expedient in lieu of the bill, which was, to make it a criminal offence in any ministry to enter into a contract with a member of parliament.

The remaining speaker against the bill was Lord Dudley Ward. The most ample reply in support of it was given by Lord Camden nearly in the following words:—His lordship said, that he had weighed and considered the arguments used against the commitment of the bill; and as the noble lord on the wool-sack deserved in every thing that

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fell from him, the greatest and the highest respect, he listened with care to every word that fell from him: but such was his understanding, that he could not find out any one proper reason for agreeing to the doctrine laid down by the noble lord. Nay, he was surprised, how ingenuity could have perplexed, or how great abilities could have laboured to mislead one of the simplest and plainest propositions in the world. It was a fact well known, and his lordship said he was not ashamed to come forward with the avowal, that the administration of this country had been corrupted, for the last twenty years, to a most shameful, and a most profligate degree. This practice of corruption must be abolished, or the great work of the intended reformation stopped immediately. The ministerial practice in contracts was well known, and though the evidence of particulars could not be brought to the bar, the fact was substantiated in the breasts of the public, and there was not a man could plead ignorance in his own mind, that contracts existed to the prejudice of the free and unbiased voice of parliament. The minister was a merchant on one hand, and the contractor was a merchant on the other. Each had his separate views. The minister wanted a vote, the other wanted a contract. A bargain was made, and the voice in parliament bartered for the contract in provisions. Thus they played into each other's hands; and fortunes, splendid fortunes, were raised on this shameful, this most scandalous traffic. His lordship said, that he and his friends had come into administration with a determined resolution to abolish this system of corruption, and, if possible, to restore the constitution to its primitive virtue. But if a wall was raised to obstruct them; if, in the infancy of this new system, an opposition was made, and carried into effect this night, he would no longer remain in his present situation. In the name of God! let the old ministers resume the helm, and again take upon them their former official capacities. His lordship said, he asked in the most serious manner, if, according to the system of human nature, every provision ought not to be made against corruption in the state? And he appealed to the feelings of every noble lord in the House, whether, in his conscience, he did not think that an act to prevent contractors from sitting in the House would not be at least of equal public benefit, as the act against commissioners of the revenue being members in parliament. The one had passed—the other was now before them.—This bill his lordship said, was to be followed by others of a similar nature. Some of them were only in embryo—some were near maturity. His lordship concluded by saying, that his principles against corruption, and against

undue influence in the House of Commons, ever were and still continued the same. They were the principles of his heart, and he would never swerve from them so long as he lived.

Lord Townshend, to point out the necessity for such a bill said, he spoke from conviction, that contracts were dangerous, and that they had been most shamefully abused. His idea was, that the present bill was one great measure to destroy undue influence.

The Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, and the *Earl of Shelburne* likewise advanced strong arguments in favour of the bill, the latter particularly remarking that contracts had been made so disadvantageous to the public, and so profitable to the contractors, that they had amassed princely fortunes. The House divided upon the question, 70 contents to 45 non-contents, whereupon the bill was committed. Some amendments were made in the committee, and then the bill being read the third time was sent back to the Commons with the amendments. But that House not approving of the amendments, a conference was held by a deputation from both Houses in the Painted Chamber, and the bill finally passed in its original state, the Lords having withdrawn their amendments.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Thursday, May 2.

Mr. Crisp Molynex moved for leave to bring in a bill to admit commodities of the growth or manufacture of St. Kit's, Nevis and Montserrat (now in the hands of the French) to be imported into the ports of Great Britain and America, on the payment of the duties usually paid in those ports.

Mr. Burke, seconded the motion, which he observed encroached on the Navigation act, and thence took occasion to give it as his opinion that that celebrated act ought to be totally repealed; for though it had formerly been the support of our trade and navigation, the face of affairs was so changed at present all over Europe, that it only served to involve us in difficulties and disputes without producing any national benefit.—Leave was given to bring in the bill moved for.

Lord John Cavendish delivered to the clerk a message in writing, signed by his Majesty, which was afterwards read by the Speaker: to the following purport—“That it was with concern his Majesty was obliged to inform the House, that his civil list, notwithstanding the late payment of its debt, and the addition made to its income of 100,000l. had gone considerably into arrear: that his majesty wished the present debt might be discharged, and such measures taken as should prevent the accumulation of any more in future: but, at the same time, he

he wished that this might be done without burthening his faithful subjects with any new provition for his household; he wished that it might be done by retrenchments of unnecessary expences; and for this purpose he had caused a plan of reformation to be made out, which he had given orders should be laid before the House, and which he called upon his faithful Commons to perfect, in the manner best calculated to support the dignity of the crown, and promote the general benefit of the public.

An address of thanks was voted without opposition, and the consideration of the message was referred to a committee of the whole house the following Monday. This busines was terminated by a grant of 300,000^{l.} to pay off the civil list debt, to be raised by Exchequer bills and the principal and interest to be paid off in six years from the savings to be made by retrenchments in some of the household offices.

Friday, May 3.

This day will long be distinguished in the annals of parliament for the final, honorable determination of the great question concerning the sacredness of the rights of the Electors of Great-Britain. Every year since the unconstitutional resolution passed in a former House of Commons, by which *Henry Lawes Luttrell* was declared duly elected a knight of the shire for Middlesex, instead of *Mr. Wilkes*, the friends of Mr. Wilkes and the constitution, and Mr. Wilkes himself, as soon as he obtained a seat in parliament, have moved, but without success till this day, that the said resolution should be expunged from the journals. And, according to annual custom *Mr. Wilkes* rose this day in his place and made the following speech:

MR. SPEAKER,

I THINK myself peculiarly happy at the present moment, that I have the honour of submitting to the House an important national question respecting the rights of election, when the friends and favourites of the people enjoy, with the smiles of our sovereign, the offices of trust and power in the state, accompanied with that fair influence, which is necessarily created by great ability, perfect integrity, the purest political virtue, and the remembrance of their former upright conduct in the cause of the people. If the people of *England*, Sir, have at any period explicitly and fully declared an opinion respecting a momentous constitutional question, it has been in regard to the *Middlesex* election in 1768, and the subsequent most profligate proceedings of an administration, hostile by system to the rights of this country, and every part of the *British* empire. An instance cannot be found in our history of a more general concurrence of sentiment among the freeholders of *England*, and they were

joined by almost every borough and corporation in the Southern part of the island. I am satisfied, therefore, that I now shall find the real friends of the people, determined and zealous in the support of their claims and undoubted privileges.

Hitherto, Sir, every attempt for the recovery of this invaluable franchise has been rendered fruitless by the arts and machinations of power in the hands of wicked men; and I may with truth assert, that the body of the people long addressed, petitioned, and remonstrated with manly firmness and perseverance, but without the least effect, or even impression. The full redress demanded by this injured nation seems reserved to distinguish the present propitious era of public liberty among the early and blooming honours of an administration, which possesse the confidence, and daily conciliates the affections of a brave and sensible people. Their voice was never heard in a more clear and distinct manner than on this point of the first magnitude for all the electors of the kingdom, and I trust will now be heard favourably. The general resentment and indignation ran so high against the House of Commons, which committed the outrage, that their immediate dissolution became the prayer of numberless petitions to the throne. No man scrupled to declare them unworthy to exist in their political capacity, the public pronounced them guilty of sacrificing and betraying the rights, which they were called upon by every tie of justice and duty to defend. The noble spirit of the freeholders of *Middlesex*, persevering in the best of causes, undaunted by all the menaces of power, was the subject of the most general applause and admiration. The voice of the people was then in the harsh and sharp tone of passion and anger against ministers. It will, I am persuaded, soon be in the soft and pleasing accents of joy and thankfulness to our deliverers.

It is scarcely possible, Sir, to state a question in which the people of this free country are more materially interested than in the right of election, for it is the share, which they have reserved to themselves in the legislature. When it was torn from them by violence, the constitution was torn up by the roots. I have now the happiness of seeing the Treasury bench filled with the friends of the constitution, the guardians and lovers of liberty, who have been unwearied and uniform in the defence of all our rights, and in particular of this invaluable franchise. I hail the present auspicious moment, and with impatience expect the completion of what I have long and fervently desired for my friends and country, for the present age, and a free posterity. The former conduct of those now in power affords me the most sanguine hopes of this day seeing justice done to a people, to whom they have so frequently appealed,

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appealed, who now look up to them with ardent expectation, with pleasure and esteem. Consistency, Sir, has drawn the right line of their political conduct to this period. It will now point out the same path of public virtue and honour. May I be indulged in a hint, which I mean to extend much beyond the business of the day, when I say that consistency will be attended with that stability and perfect security, which are the objects of every good man's wishes for them? They have given us a fair earnest of their reverence for the constitution by their support of two bills, essentially necessary to restore the purity and independency of parliament, I mean the *Bill for preventing contractors sitting in the House of Commons*, and the *bill for disabling officers of the revenue from voting at elections*.

Mr. Wilkes was here interrupted by a message by *Sir Francis Molyneux*, Gentleman Usher of the *Black Rod*, desiring the immediate attendance of the House of Commons in the House of Peers.

The Speaker went directly to the House of Lords. After his return and report of what had passed, *Mr. Wilkes* said,

MR. SPEAKER.

I return my thanks to *Black Rod* for so luckily interposing in favour of this House, when I might possibly have again tired them with the important, however stale, case of the *Middlesex Election*, which their patient ear has for several years with much good-nature suffered. I will now make some return to their indulgence, in profiting by the circumstance of this happy interruption, and not saying a single word about *Walpole* or *Wolaston*, *Coke* or *Blackstone*, I will not detain the House longer than by observing the parliamentary form of desiring the clerk to read the resolution of the 17th of February 1769, which I shall then move to be expunged from the journals of this House, as being subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom.

Resolution of the 17th day of Feb. 1769.

"That John Wilkes, Esq. having been in this session of parliament expelled this House, was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present parliament."

The above being read by the clerk accordingly.*

Mr. Wilkes then moved the following resolution:

Resolved—That the said resolution be expunged from the journals of this House, as being subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom.

The motion was seconded by *Mr. Byng*, the other representative for the county of Middlesex, and ably supported by *Lord Surry*,

Lord Mabon, *Sir P. Jennings Clarke*, and *Mr. T. Townshend* Secretary at War, who all expressed their abhorrence of so gross a violation of the rights of the people, as was that of the resolution of 1769.

Mr. Fox, and the *Lord Advocate for Scotland* were the only members who spoke in opposition to the motion. *Mr. Fox* maintained his former opinion, that the power of expulsion was a privilege vested in the House for the good of the people, but at the same time, he acknowledged that it ought not to be made use of against the sense of the people, for whose benefit it was intended.

Upon dividing the House there appeared to be

For expunging the resolution of 1769	115
Against it	47

Majority for *Mr. Wilkes*'s motion 68.

Whereupon the same was expunged by the clerk at the table.

It was then ordered—“That all the declarations, orders, and resolutions of this House respecting the election of *John Wilkes*, Esq. for the county of Middlesex, as a void election, the due and legal election of *Henry Lawes Luttrell*, Esq. into parliament for the said county, and the incapacity of *John Wilkes*, Esq. to be elected a member to serve in the said parliament, be expunged from the journals of this House, as being subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom.

And the same were expunged by the clerk at the table.”

Monday, May 6. *by 3.30*

In a Committee of Supply resolved, that 1,500,000l. be raised by loans on Exchequer bills to be charged on the first aids of the next session, and such Exchequer bills, if not discharged, with interest, on or before the 5th of April 1783, to be charged and received in payment in the usual manner.

That 5830l. be granted for making roads and communications in Scotland.

Passed a bill for rebuilding Kew bridge with stone.

Mr. Lee, Sollicitor General, moved for leave to bring in a bill to prevent the destruction of implements used in the manufacture of cotton. He stated that there are provisions in other bills for preventing the like injuries in other manufactures, and he wished to have the whole reduced into one bill: leave was granted accordingly.

In a committee of the whole House, *Mr. Burke* in the chair, his Majesty's message was read; after which two papers were read by the clerk, the first contained an account of the expences incurred for the civil list establishment, and of the balance due to the several creditors amounting to 295,877l.

The

* For *Mr. Wilkes*'s address to the Gentlemen, Clergy and Freeholders of Middlesex upon this glorious occasion see this Magazine, page 289.

The second paper contained the plan of reform proposed to be introduced, which was nearly as follows:

The third secretary of state's office, of which the duty is to be performed by the other secretaries, 7500*l.*

The Board of Trade, the duties of which are to be performed by a committee of the Privy Council, 12,600*l.*

The Lords of police and trade in Scotland, no duty to transfer, 6600*l.*

The Board of Works, the duties thereof to be performed by a comptroller, and by a surveyor of gardens, who would be acquainted with the duties which they undertake, 7463*l.*

The great wardrobe, the duties to be performed by the Lord Chamberlain, 3560*l.*

The jewel office to be likewise performed by the Lord Chamberlain; the sum which may be saved not ascertained but computed at 3,500*l.*

The cofferer of the household; the duties to be performed by the Exchequer; the saving not ascertained, but computed at 3000*l.*

Six clerks of the Board of Green cloth, who are to be struck off, which will produce 8000*l.*

The master of the horse is also to be regulated; as are the pensions, which are to be paid at the Exchequer; these were computed to be about 1500*l.* saved.

The master of the harriers and stag-hounds to be likewise struck off, 3000*l.*

The Mint, the duties of which are to be performed by the Bank, 3000*l.*

Fees of office computed to be saved, would amount to 10,000*l.*

The Board of Pensioners to be regulated, but not reduced: upon the whole, what might be ascertained and what computed, would amount to about 27,000*l.*

Lord John Cavendish laid, that the present proposal was only a part of the great reform proposed by Mr. Burke; it would require several bills to go through the whole, but the present would give satisfaction to those gentlemen who were afraid of trenching on the royal authority. He said the present business would serve to inspire a spirit of economy in the nation, and by bringing fewer opportunities for idleness into the market, there would be the greater incitements for industry. He therefore moved that the chairman do make his report, which was accordingly agreed to, and the report made the next day.

Tuesday, May 7.

Mr. William Pitt (second son of the late Earl of Chatham) rose according to a promise he had made some time before, to endeavour to obtain an alteration in the representation of the people in the House of Commons. He made an apology for having undertaken so very weighty a matter, young and inexperienced as he was; and while so many other members, who surpassed him in abi-

lities, no less than in years, remained silent. Many members of that House, who were returned for boroughs, might be said in a great measure to have no constituents; for of the boroughs which returned members to parliament, many had very few constituents; some might indeed be said to have none at all; for there were some boroughs which existed but in name; the traces of them were now barely to be found.—There were other boroughs, where the number of electors were so small, that they could be bought with ease; and he believed he was warranted in saying, that of such boroughs there were not a few which seemed to be rather parts of the kingdom of Bengal, than of Great-Britain; and if boroughs could be purchased by an Asiatic prince, he saw nothing that, according to the present state of boroughs, could prevent an European prince, actually at war with us, from returning members to our parliament, to represent himself. He had heard of three several plans, to which many gentlemen were severally attached for reforming these abuses; and rendering parliament, what it could scarcely be called at present, a true representation of the people. One of these was totally to abolish the nominal and venal boroughs; another to extend the right of voting to a greater number of votes; and the third, to send the representatives more frequently to their constituents: each of these plans had its advocates: for his part, he could not on the present occasion say to which of them he was most inclined; but he was clearly of opinion, that at all events, reformation on this head was absolutely necessary; he felt himself supported in that opinion by an authority which that House, he knew would respect, though it might not be delicate in him to mention the name (he meant his father, the late Earl of Chatham). As reformation, therefore, appeared to him to be necessary, so he thought that this was the moment to attempt it, when we had a ministry who enjoyed at once the confidence of the prince and of the people, and who were disposed to meet the wishes of the public. He then concluded by moving, that the House would to-morrow proceed to ballot for a select committee, to enquire into the present state of the representation of the Commons in parliament and to report their opinion to the House.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge seconded the motion.

Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Powys, Mr. Mads-
nald, and above twenty other members, spoke in the debate occasioned by the motion. Those who opposed it reasoned upon the danger of innovating upon old established customs, as quacking with the body politic might be attended with as fatal consequences, as quacking with the body natural. *Sir Horace Mann*, viewing the proposition

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A Perspective View of the River Thames &c.

1. Shooters Hill. 2. Woolwich.

1782.

P A R

London Mar. 1782

proposition in this light, in question upon it.—After voted till near one o'clock, when there appeared For the previous question Against it

Majority,

The motion was of course carried, and the new ministry left for the minority.

Wednesday, Mar.

In a committee of Ways and Means, John Cavendish moved, that weight should be imposed on the bill, which was agreed to.

The Lord Advocate informed the House that Mr. Whitehead, who had ordered a bill of attainder, had absconded, and was at large in the kingdom; he then moved to bring in a bill for compelling him to return, and for restraining him from alienating his property, under the mortmain laws. He acquainted the House that Mr. Lewin, and Thomas Garnett, who had been ordered to be in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, had absconded, and were not now to be found; he therefore moved for an adjournment, praying that he would issue his proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of the said Lewin and Garnett, one of the messengers with respect to Mr. Lewin; from his answer that he had sent for Mr. Lewin's house, without success.

FOR THE

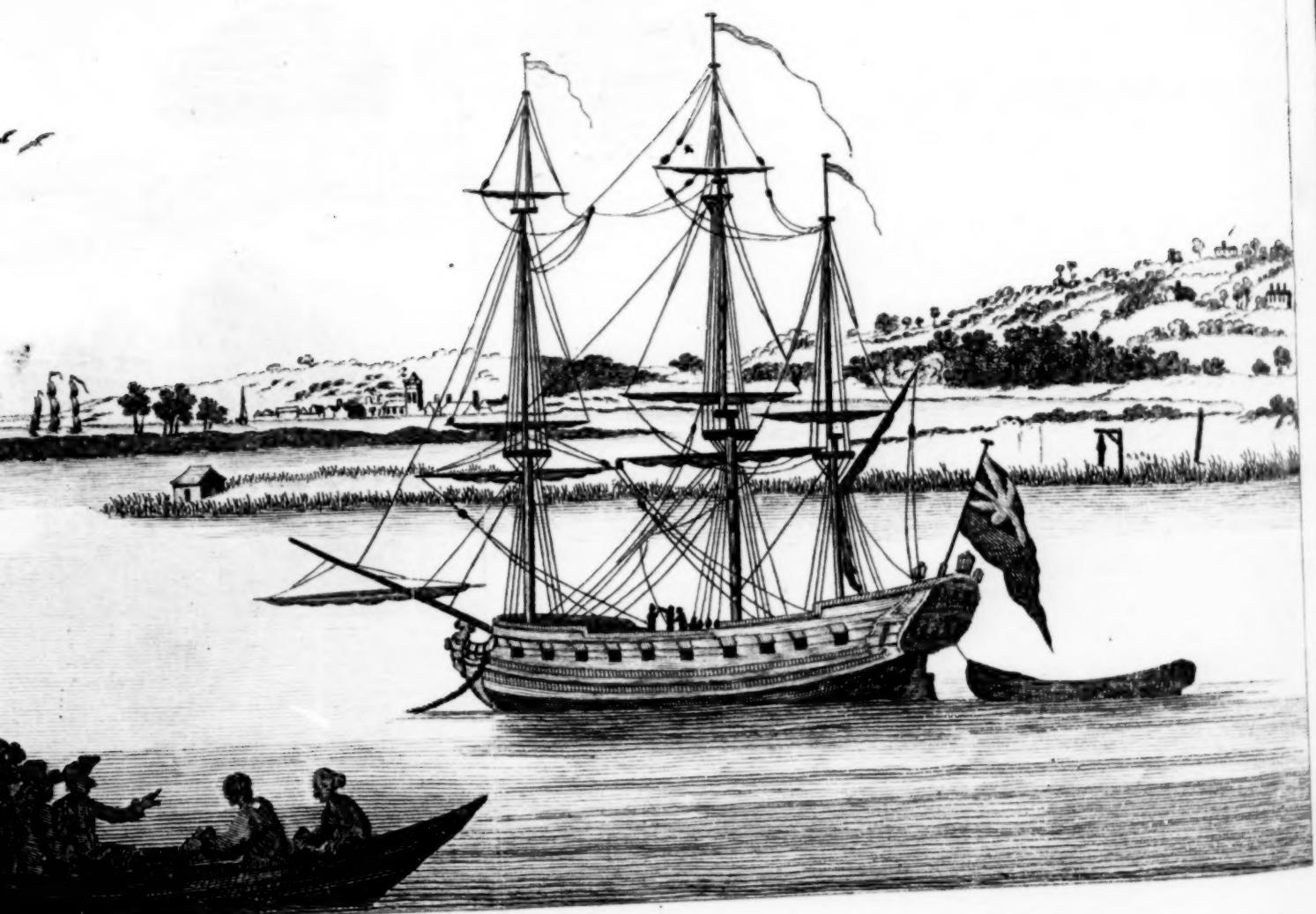
Copy of Mr. Wilkes's Address to the House of Commons, expunging from the Journals of the House, on the 17th of February 1780.

To the GENTLEMEN,

GENTLEMEN,

I MOST heartily congratulate you on the success of your steady, laborious efforts, in a cause of consequence to every elector in this country. The contest of the right of election, which is pending between you and a portion of the Commons. After many years of struggle against a despotic and a corrupt majority in parliament, public virtue, has by perfecting your cause, and remitting energy, at last brought it to a final decision in your favor. We have now obtained a clear and unequivocal vindication of our constitutional rights, rights coeval with the constitution, that perfection of government, that noblest work of man.

London, May, 1782.



Names &c. taken from the Kings Arms at BLACKWALL.

Footnote. 3. The East India Dock Yard.

London Mag. Mar. 1782



Kings Arms at BLACKWALL.

Yard.

proposition in this light, moved the previous question upon it.—After a debate which lasted till near one o'clock, the House divided, when there appeared

For the previous question,	161
Against it	141

Majority,	20
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The motion was of course lost; and the new ministry left for the first time in a minority.

Wednesday, May 8.

In a committee of Ways and Means, *Lord John Cavendish* moved, that 4*l.* per hundred weight should be imposed on all mineral salts, which was agreed to.

The *Lord Advocate* informed the House that Mr. Whitehill, against whom they had ordered a bill of pains and penalties, had absconded, and was not now in the kingdom; he then moved for leave to bring in a bill for compelling him to return, and for restraining him from alienating his property, under the most severe penalties. He acquainted the House also, that Mr. Lewin, and Thomas Gardiner his servant, who had been ordered to be taken into the custody of the Serjeant at Arms, had absconded, and were not now to be found; he therefore moved for an address to his Majesty, praying that he would be pleased to issue his proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of the said Lewin.—Mr. Williams, one of the messengers, was examined with respect to Mr. Lewin; and it appeared from his answer that he had been repeatedly at Mr. Lewin's house, without having been

able to see him, a woman servant in the house, telling him each time, that Mr. Lewin was gone out to take a walk, and that his servant Gardiner was with him.—But he was afterwards informed by some person in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Lewin had gone off at day break in a post chaise, attended by Gardiner. Upon this the House voted the address for the proclamation.

The *Lord Advocate* also moved for leave to bring in heads of a bill, to restrain the said Mr. Lewin from alienating any of his property. This motion passed without opposition.

The House then resolved itself into a committee on the bill for restraining Sir Thomas Rumbold and Mr. Perryn from disposing of their property, &c. and heard counsel at the Bar on behalf of the said gentlemen against the bill, this and the following day, but no arguments could prevail on the committee not to proceed with the bill, the blanks of which they filled up, and soon after it was read the third time, passed without opposition, and sent to the Lords.

Friday, May 10.

Ordered a copy of *Lord Shelburne's* letter to the magistracy of the kingdom for arming the people (See our Chronologer for last month, page 249) be laid before the House. On the motion for this purpose made by Mr. Fox a conversation took place, in which the measure itself was discussed and freely censured by some members, but the majority highly applauded it.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Copy of Mr. Wilkes's Address to his Constituents upon the glorious Occasion of expunging from the Journals of the House of Commons, a Resolution of the 17th of February 1769, subversive to their Rights.

To the GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, and FREEHOLDERS, of the County of MIDDLESEX.

GENTLEMEN,

I MOST heartily congratulate you on the success of your steady, spirited, and generous efforts, in a cause of the first consequence to every elector in this kingdom, the cause of the right of election, so long depending between you and a former House of Commons. After many years unavailing struggles against a despotic administration, and a corrupt majority in parliament, your public virtue, has by perseverance and unremitting energy, at last brought a question of infinite moment to a final decision in favour of liberty. We have now obtained a direct and unequivocal vindication of our most essential rights, rights coeval with the English constitution, that perfection of human wisdom, that noblest work of man. You have

London MAG. June, 1782.

the high satisfaction of observing an upright senate assert the privileges of an injured people against the encroachments of power, and decide in favour of their fair and just claim to a share in the legislature. The proceedings of this House of Commons I shall with rapture transcribe from their *votes*. You will I am sure accept of them as the only atonement, which could be made under a good government for the violation of your franchises, and the injuries of former flagitious administrations. This branch of our constitution is now restored to its original form, and established on a foundation not to be shaken. No precedent can now be drawn from the injustice and violence of arbitrary ministers. An *Incapacity*, for the express purpose,

Purpose of defeating your declared intentions will not be again created by a vindictive and venal majority in one part only of the legislature. A minister will not again nominate the representative for this respectable county to the great council of the nation. The man of your free choice will have the distinguished honour of representing you, and the glory is your's of having secured the same invaluable franchise to every elector in the island. Not the least trace will now remain of the various deep laid plans of fraud and violence, of subtle insinuation, alarming menace, and direct insult, to which your calm and undaunted spirit always rose superior. The historian's page will however record the wickedness and infamy of your enemies, the public robbers of the rights of freemen, and will hold up the steady virtue of the freeholders of Middlesex as an object of imitation to all future ages.

My excellent colleague, Mr Byng, seconded and supported my motion with the zeal, which always animates him in your service, and the cause of his country.

Give me leave, Gentlemen, to state a circumstance with respect to a business of this weight and moment, which I am sure will add to the pleasure you receive in this triumph of liberty. The victory was gained by the most honourable means, means worthy the goodness of the cause. No unfair method was taken to secure a majority, nor ministerial manœuvre practised. No letter from the Treasury, no mandate from any secretary, issued to enforce attendance. The slightest solicitation was not urged by any man in power, nor a single emissary sent on the wing to collect scattered mercenaries, troops long kept up for the worst of purposes, but now happily disbanded. Every man was left to follow the dictates of his conscience, which insured our success. The

ministers gave you only the same support as individuals this year, which they have regularly since 1768, with an alacrity manifesting a settled determination to uphold and support the rights of election, which they have restored.

I am happy, Gentlemen, to acquaint you, that the appointment of a committee, to examine into the present state of the representation of the Commons of Great-Britain, is on the eve of being moved in the House of Commons by a gentleman of as great abilities, matured even in youth, as this country has at any time produced. You long ago suggested the idea of the propriety of such a measure, and in pursuance of your instructions I had the honour, in March 1776, of moving the House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill for a just and equal representation of the people of England in parliament, but without success. The solemn engagement between us in 1774, at a numerous county meeting, in relation to this and other essential objects, I have never lost sight of, and shall ever hold sacred. Some of the more important particulars of that engagement, respecting the fair and equal representation of the people in the House of Commons, and the shortening the duration of parliaments, are among the grand objects, the striking features, of the intended enquiry. You will always find me, gentlemen, uniformly pursuing the noble plan of liberty, which you early marked out for my conduct, and above all endeavouring to inforce the clear right of the people to the free and frequent choice of their representatives.

I am, Gentlemen,

With much respect and gratitude,
Your faithful, and obedient humble servant,
JOHN WILKES.
Prince's Court, Westminster.
Monday, May 6, 1782.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. LVII.

*Qui præter auri laminam resfulgentem
Nulla expetenda dona ducit in vita.*

BAUDII Amores.

“ Who for the joy of life desires no more

“ Than of effulgent gold a plenteous store.”

RICHES, of which my last number treated, and which the ancients deemed to be of such consequence as to have a peculiar God in their synod of divinities, might be the subject of many papers. My readers then, I hope, will not think me dull or tedious, when I now offer them some more reflections upon the same topic.

The passion for wealth cannot subsist but in a state of society highly im-

proved; for there is not scope for its operation in simple society; so that it marks the advancement of human nature as certainly, though not in so shocking a manner, as a circumstance which a gentleman of much original observation once pointed out, when travelling in a rich part of England, upon seeing a man hanging in chains on one side of the road, “ Aye (said he) we are now in a civilized country.” The

The effects of wealth may be absolutely defeated, if the “*ars fruendi*—the art of enjoying it,” be altogether wanting. If there be more sordidness or more rapacity in a rich man’s character than will counterbalance the respect which the contemplation of his means of power and benevolence naturally produce, he will be as much despised as a poor man, and hated besides. Of this we have seen so many instances, that it must be allowed the effects of wealth are not uniform and universal.

There are men, on whom I have touched in my last number, who have a kind of aquiline disposition as to money. They will anxiously save for a long time, then commission expensive articles, and afterwards be miserable, when they reflect how they have entangled themselves. They will make genteel presents, and then repent of what they have done. In short, according to the common strong expression, they are at war with themselves, and are objects of pity. I am particularly sorry when I see a giver of presents suffering uneasiness from it; for I know nothing in which better economy may be displayed, nothing where more value in kind remembrance may be had for one’s money, than a judicious distribution of presents. A silver salver, or drinking cup, which has not cost many pounds, has been the palladium of friendship between families for ages; and a book, or a ring, or some other trinket of small cost, has served to animate and keep fresh, in distant situations, the mutual affectionate regard of individuals.

The pain of parting with money, when there is a settled passion for saving it, is very intense, and therefore I do not think the simile of distress in the parting of Macheath and Polly,

“ The miser thus a shilling fees,
“ Which he’s oblig’d to pay,”

is justly liable to the censure of being too ludicrous for the subject. The grief at parting of a highwayman and his mistress, or indeed of any other two lovers, will itself seem rather ludicrous to people who are not at all in love at the time; for, as Smith ingeniously observes, in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, we do not sympathise with the over-heated feelings of

those who are in love. It has occurred to me, that if a saving man is obliged to part with money, it is easier for him to part with a large sum all at once than with many small sums at intervals. There is but one pain in the first case; whereas in the second, he is as it were torn piecemeal. It is easier to have a tooth pulled out entire than that it should break in the operation, and be drawn in ragged fragments, and sharp splinters. This thought was confirmed to me the other day by hearing a gentleman of some talents declare, that he had completed the building of an expensive new house in a short time, because he loved money, and he felt the giving it away to be so uneasy to him, that he resolved to be rid of the pain as soon as possible.

The delusions of imagination are not more whimsical in any thing than in the passion of saving; and it ought to be our study by a vigorous exertion of reason to correct them. A deep Hypochondria has made many rich persons apprehend, with extreme distress, that they were to die beggars, and smaller absurd effects may be observed in a variety of instances. Thus a man will give a draught on his banker with all imaginable ease, but will hold hard cash with an eager gripe. To illustrate this, there is a remarkable story of a noble duke, which I believe to be true. His nurse having come to visit him, he resolved to make her a present of ten guineas, and was sitting down to write an order to his steward to pay her that sum, when it was suggested that the poor woman would take it as a much higher mark of regard to receive the money from his Grace’s own hand. The ten guineas were accordingly brought to the duke. But when he saw the shining pieces, and touched the gold itself, he could not think of parting with so much; and he was observed to steal five of the guineas into his own pocket, and give his nurse only the half of what he had intended. Such a perversity as this may certainly be cured, as may narrowness and prodigality in their different degrees, by close attention to reality, and acquiring contrary habits. Narrowness is a disease of tension, Prodigality of relaxation, and suitable remedies must be applied to each of them. As with-

out judgement and thought a man cannot wisely save; neither can he liberally spend. A wise man will have value for his saving, and not barter reputation too cheaply; and a profuse scattering of money without rational design, or clear intention, is not generosity. They who profit by the largesses of a person of that character are no more obliged to him than they are to the unconscious clouds for shedding refreshing dews. To know when to spend, and when to spare, and how to exchange money in the most advantageous manner for what it will procure, is the science of good œconomy, and he only who practices that science has the proper use of wealth. The French, whom I think remarkable for practical good sense, are admirable œconomists, and contrive to have more elegant luxury at less expence than any other nation. I am not sure how much œconomy is owing to a natural turn for it, and to what degree it may be attained; but I can have no doubt that the extremes of Narrowness and Prodigality may be shunned, and that we may improve more and more in the golden mean.

A more exquisite condensation of what I wish to recommend, cannot, in my opinion, be conceived, than the following lines by Pope to Lord Bathurst:

The sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance Fortune by a just expence,
Join with œconomy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty,
health; [wealth!] Oh, teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by
That secret rare, between th' extremes to
move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

But I am not going at all to retract my testimony for the dignity of Wealth, though I admit, that, like learning, or any other respectable quality, it may fail of its influence, by reason of other qualities inherent in its possessor. " *Valeat possessor operet*—the owner must be in health," says Horace, " *si comportatis rebus bene cogitet uti*—to have the true enjoyment of his possessions." So in order to have the elevation of riches he must be free from degrading circumstances. " *Regina pecunia*—

queen money," as Juvenal with indignation expresses himself, is in fact not absolutely supreme. It rarely happens that the same man who acquires a fortune can have the full benefit of it. There must be an acknowledged rank to support wealth. *Callias*, a man *non tam generosus quam pecuniosus*—a man of blood disproportioned to his great wealth, is exhibited by *Nepos*, in his life of *Cimon*, as a character by no means to be envied; for he shews us with what difficulty he made his way by mere weight of money. Riches, accumulated upon a low-born man, are like embroidery upon coarse rug. Vulgarity is ever prominent to observation, and envy incites to a keener perception of contrast; so that I have seen a man of this kind at one of his feasts look as if he were the steward, entertaining in his master's absence. I am afraid that in this age, there is too much appearance of respect to be procured by splendid exertions of wealth, even in those whom we despise. But this is only appearance; and will not pass but upon men naturally dull or blinded by gross vanity. The sound, shrewd, and clear-sighted, will see the imposition and avoid it. Not only shocking vices, but a weak understanding, a diminutive or a clumsy figure, a trifling or a rustick manner, will disappoint the importance of fortune. It was with just wit observed of a little poor-looking man, who had a handsome chariot, " I profess he is a disgrace to his own equipage."

We do not feel the pleasure of saving till there is a fair beginning of a fund. To gather money is like making a collection of medals or of any thing else. When one has but a coin or two it does not seem worth while to lay it up. But as soon as there is a visible stock, the desire of increasing arises. Gathering money has this great advantage over every other species of gathering, that instead of there being an annual loss upon the collection there is an annual gain; and indeed the science of compound interest, when it has once taken possession of the mind with its luminous magnifying power, must operate steadily and to admiration.

I hope none of my pious readers, whom I am most anxious to please, are troubled with scrupulous fears of Riches, from misapprehending temporary precepts, adapted to the early

state of Christianity. If there be any in that state I recommend to them to read judicious commentators, who I cannot doubt will relieve them. To be "*rich in good works*," is above all to be desired and endeavoured. But Riches, in the common acceptation of the word, are necessary in order to enable us to do good. In my last number I guarded myself by observing that there is nothing worse in setting our hearts on riches than on any other of "*the things upon earth*," and the acquisition of wealth is always to be understood as subordinate to the greater

concerns of futurity. I am only giving money fair play amongst the pursuits of this life. If it shall be objected that we cannot carry it with us when death comes, the answer is, that neither can we carry with us our books or our pictures, our houses, our gardens, our lawns, or our groves, of all which we may, without offending against religion, be pleasingly fond, and that without such fondness the lives of all but pure mysticks, who it is meant should be few, would be passed in torpid inutility.

ERRATA in the Hypochondriack, No. LVI. page 233, col. 2, l. 6. *dele as before*
 narrow—l. 39, *for of r. off—page 234, col. 1, l. 26 and 27, for opinions r.*
minions—l. 44, for man r. men—l. 46, full point after prodigality—l. 48,
comma and not full point after life—p. 235, col. 2, l. 9, for man r. rich man.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE XXVIII.

A Political Survey of the Sacred Roman Empire; including the Titles and Dignities of the Electors, Ecclesiastical and Temporal Princes, Counts, Prelates, Free-Cities, and Knights that compose the Germanic Body. With the Military Establishment of his present Imperial Majesty Joseph II. King of Hungary, Bohemia, &c. By, John Talbot Dillon, Knight of the Equestrian Order and Free Baron of the Sacred Roman Empire. 8vo.

THIS is the most accurate and at the same time the most succinct account of the present state of the German empire of any extent; and it certainly must have been a task of great difficulty to analyse the system of Germanic government, a subject upon which many learned authors have displayed their talents for prolixity and swelling of volumes.

We are already indebted to Baron Dillon for his entertaining and instructive travels through Spain (mentioned and referred to in our last Magazine) and it is no small recommendation of the present performance, that the author has compiled from ocular demonstration and personal experience, having seen the parties, and visited most of the places of which he gives a political survey. The volume is divided into 19 sections, the most interesting of which we shall point out.

Section II. Gives an account of the election of the present Emperor—of his titles—a description of the crown of Charlemagne—and of the regalia of the empire, &c.

Section IV. Explains the nature and the proceedings of the diet of the empire—and gives an account of the famous Golden Bull, or Constitution of the empire.

Section VI. Treats of the sovereign courts of judicature in the empire.

Section VII. Of the army.

Section IX. Of the Equestrian order.

Section X. Of the ecclesiastical chapters of the empire, both for gentlemen and ladies.

Section XI. Of the religious and military orders of knighthood established in the empire, and of the social orders in his Imperial Majesty's hereditary dominions.

Section XVIII. Of the maritime commerce of his dominions. Under this head we have a description of the port and city of Trieste, and of the improvements made there by the late Empress and the present Emperor, which as it is new, and conveys necessary information to the mercantile world, we shall borrow and insert in our next.

XXIX Ethics, rational and theological, with cursory Reflections on the Principles of Deism. By John Grose F. A. S. 8vo.

THE avowed plan of the author is to demonstrate the union of two sciences generally, distinctly considered—*Ethics* and *Theology*, to effectuate this he has introduced a variety of subjects thrown into the form of essays, in the discussion of which he endeavours to shew that the science of *Ethics* on the principles of reason, is only a prelude, and not contredictory to what revelation inculcates, hereby proving its rationality in opposition to the Deists, who contend for the light of nature only. Several of these essays we are told have appeared in some of the periodical prints: it is to be lamented that the author has not distinguished them from the rest; for as they are all calculated to promote the cause of true religion and virtue, though we are not fond of reprinting, we should

should have been glad to select one or two of the originals, to enrich our miscellany. We can with pleasure assure the reader that they are all written in the style of a gentleman and a scholar. Let the following specimen serve as a verification of our criticism.

Essay VII. On Vice. “ At the earliest period of time, when innocence ornamented humanity, and purity wore an earthly form, extatic bliss reigned with uninterrupted sway, and illuminated every trace of being.—Danger was hitherto unknown—fear had never shewn its affrighted aspect—nor distress its armed host. Reflection yielded a succession of increasing joys—thought was the seed time of apparent ease, and revolving moments as the harvest of complete fruition.—Encircled by the cheering rays of unremitting bliss, nature exhilarated the happy pair with continual delights, and proved in majestic lustre, its author to be divine.—But sad to relate—the fatal hour arrived when spotless innocence exchanged its beauteous garb for that of vice. A midnight gloom pervades the tragic scene, and shame veils guilt with awe. Horror stalks into the maze of life, and fomorous vengeance is in idea heard—resentment is the expected messenger of woe, and injured justice the executioner of man.—What conscious innocence had emboldened to enjoy, guilt with acrimony forbids—and flight proves the fancied refuge of an enfeebled—fallen creature.

Vice here presents us with a dreadful view of the depravity of human nature—the guilt it has contracted—and the punishment it has incurred. It has effected an awful separation between the creature and the creator—and occasioned enmity between God and man:—strife and contention—envy and malice—pride and revenge—with diseases and death, every evil in the world it has entailed on the sons of men. Notwithstanding the destructive nature of vice—we are too apt to listen to its voice, though conscience declares what will necessarily ensue. How vitiated! How fallen! How frail then is humanity, to become a willing slave to vice—which threatens, though it may invite!—Its promises are richer, pleasure, or profit—but these it cannot give.—It invites to happiness, but woe alone appears—to riches, but poverty impends—to profit, but loss, yea dreadful loss ensues. Thus at best it is a deceiver.—The many specious forms which vice, on almost every occasion can assume—renders it a more invincible adversary—for it has a bait constantly suited to every genius and inclination.” The Essays on Providence—On Truth—and on Sincerity exhibit strong proofs of the author’s social disposition and of his sincere regard for the welfare of mankind.

XX. *Memoirs of Lord Viscount Cherington, containing a genuine Description of the Go-*

vernment and Manners of the present Portugueze. 2 Vols. 12mo.

IF these memoirs had been complete, the editor might have had reason to expect all the encouragement he seems to wish for, as it is, we are afraid his success will not enable him to publish the remainder. It was certainly an ill-advised measure to exhibit the present volumes under so full a title, that the reader is allured by the hope of what is promised—a genuine description of the government and manners of the Portuguese: instead of which we meet with the adventures of a Doctor Castleford, said to be descended from the Cherington family, and no further mention or notice is taken of Lord Cherington in either of the volumes. Captain Dyon and some other personages are introduced to compound and work up the adventures of Castleford into a kind of novel, and by an Italian motto annexed to the title page we are informed—that “ if it is not true, it is well invented.” What a disappointment, where we expected to find the history of a kingdom and the manners of its people! The scenes of the romance are laid in Portugal, and in the Portuguese settlements, and to render them more probable, we have here and there a sketch of the characters of some individuals of the Portuguese nation, particularly of the Viceroy of the Brazils and his lady, and a few slight descriptions of places. The benevolent, however, will find one good motive for purchasing these volumes, which is, that they have no chance of seeing the remainder on any other terms.

The following is the only passage that wears the face of serious, true description: “ Castleford was extremely pleased with the delightful climate of Portugal, as well as with the hospitable reception of his friend; but more particularly with that of his countrymen of the British factory at Lisbon, who are exceedingly civil and courteous to English travellers that go over there, as many do, for the benefit of their health, independent of the number of persons who visit that emporium on commercial concerns. Our doctor spent his time very agreeably here. Both Paris and Richmond seemed now entirely out of his thoughts. A variety of excursions in the pleasing environs of Lisbon, with the new scenes that offered, engrossed his attention. The noble situation of the city on the banks of the Tagus, the number of ships, and the appearance of opulence and commerce, added to the hospitality of his countrymen, constantly possessed his mind. He visited every thing curious in the city and its neighbourhood. Amongst the rest, the palace of Mafra near the rock of Lisbon, built by King John V. in imitation of the Escorial, and in compliment to his queen,

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as being the first land she had seen in her voyage to Portugal. Amidst the natural curiosities which the vicinity of this place afforded, our traveller was greatly delighted with the beautiful and picturesque villages of *Cintra* and *Collares*, at the back of the rock, where the wealthy inhabitants of *Lisbon* retire during the summer heats, to enjoy in their villas the cool air that constantly reigns there, with the verdure of those spots and variety of fruits they produce, as well as odoriferous plants and elegant flowers, added to the romantic wildness of the prospects. On the other hand the royal palace of *Cintra*, and numberless villas, which are usually called *quintas* (from the general custom of the tenants paying a fifth part of the produce to the landlords) filled with social families, made

more so by constant singing, dancing, and feasting, render this place a perfect paradise, and furnish a most animated scene, where, in the mornings and evenings, large parties are continually moving about, to enjoy the prospects, and partake of the refreshments of the air; the ladies mounted on asies, for greater security among the craggy rocks, and the gentlemen attending on foot. In short, the festivity and cheerfulness of both sexes, with the variety of characters made up of foreigners of all nations, intermixed with the natives, strike the imagination of a new comer with the highest degree of pleasure, while he is unacquainted with the rigour of the government over the people, and the multitude of oppressions they labour under, from the iron rod of superstition and arbitrary power."

POETICAL ESSAYS.

INSCRIPTIONS AT A GENTLEMAN'S SEAT IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

On an Oak at the Entrance of the Plantations.

STAY, stranger, nor unbidden dare
To pierce those sacred groves,
Where reigns supreme the Sylvan God,
And old Silenus roves.

For Quantock, Pan Hymettus leaves,
Around the Satyrs throng,
Hark to his melodious shrill pipe
That sounds the hills among.

Soft!—Hear you not the plaintive notes
Which die along the trees?
Think you it is the passing gale,
The murmur of the breeze?

No! 'Tis the Dryad's awful voice,
It warns thee not to rove
With foot unhallow'd thro' the shades
Which Pan and Dian love.

Each tow'ring oak, whose magic bark
Mocks the insulting knife,
Soon as bright vesper gilds the eve
Shall teem with pregnant life.

Forth issuing from each rending tree
Shall start a beauteous maid
In nature's purest, loveliest form
Of innocence array'd.

Then let no mortal eye obscene
Their Sylvan sports behold,
Let he embrace Acteon's fate—
So hapless and so bold!

Then shall no crested snake approach
The wood nymph's chaste abode;
Around nor eft nor lizard creep
Nor crawl the bloated toad.

But vernal sweets and rich perfumes
Shall load the sighing gale,
Such as the wanton zephyr steals
From Tempe's blooming vale.

But wouldst thou, still advent'rous, prove
The wonders that I tell?
To Pan and Dian lift thy vows;
And, stranger, fare thee well.

At the Cot of JOHN IRISH, Bard of the Grove.

ENCHANTING Bard! who lov'st to
rove

Thro' Cowcombe's muse-inspiring grove;
Whose silver lyre in every bush
Mocks the shrill blackbird; shames the
thrush:—

Dost thou in gentle strains record
The joys of B——d's cheerful board?
Or dost thou soar to bolder flights
And sing of battles fierce delights?
Still nature shall such strains impart
As far excels the rules of art.

For sure as much as nature here
Excels the formal dull parterre
So shall art's bard, whoe'er he be,
Poet of nature! yield to thee.

ON ROBIN'S MONUMENT.

(A poor labourer whose employment was taking care of the grove.)

BENEATH this rustic arch is laid
A tenant of this friendly shade:
A mortal he!—yet oft has seen
The wood nymphs dancing on the green;
Or by pale Cynthia's trembling beam
The Naiads bathing in the stream;
Him every Sylvan wish'd to see
Admitted to this privacy;

For

For ne'er his ax with impious stroke,
Has scar'd the Dryad from her oak;
Nor e'er did he inhuman rove
To slay the songsters of the grove:
But pur in innocent delights
He pass'd his harmless days and nights.
To trim the grove was his employ
In nature's scenes his only joy.
Full long a rural life he spent
In health and innocence content.
At length with weight of years oppress'd
He calmly laid him down to rest.
Pan, God of Shepherds, rear'd on high
This monument to industry;
And every Sylvan drop'd a tear
On gentle Robin's funeral bier.

AT THE SEAT ON THE TERRASS.

HERE pause awhile and feast thy ravish'd eyes
With all the luxury this scene supplies.
So open life's gay prospects to the view,
For ever beauteous and for ever new!

AT THE SEAT OVER THE CONVENT.

(Great part of this was taken from an original building inhabited by Cardinal Beaufort, and removed here by the proprietor.)

NOW mark yon pile, the pine-clad hill
beside, [pride]
Where mated Beaufort reign'd in princely
So touch'd by time shall life's gay prospects
fade,
And proud ambition in the dust be laid!

AT THE BRIDGE.

LIMPID stream, that lov'st to wander
Down old Quantock's purple side,
Hither now by taste directed
Shall thy crystal waters glide.
Here shall Dian, toil-exhausted,
O'er her form cælest al live;
Here the stream-delighted Naiads
Wanton in thy lucid wave.
Here the wretch with care distract'd,
Anguish rankling in his breast,
Find a short delusive quiet
By thy murmur's lull'd to rest.
Here the cloud-aspiring poet,
With prophetic ardour fir'd,
Soar sublime on stronger pinions
By thy mad'ning draughts inspir'd.
Not more famous Aganippe
Helicon's auspiciousount;
Not more fam'd the bright Castalia
Welling from Parnassus's mount.

AT THE CONVENT.

OH passenger! whose sounding steps I trace,
Whate'er of busines or of pleasure calls,
In pity lend of time a little space
And hear the story of these hapless walls.

Here whilom Winton's haughty prelates dwelt
In all the pomp of priestly Rome array'd;
Yet the poor state of human grandeur felt
And homage to a higher being paid.

Thence with the circling years in power I
grew

Till tyrant Henry's unrelenting hand
At one dread stroke devotion's fane o'erthrew
And scourg'd religion from this fated land.

Long had I stood the mark of zealot's hate,
Perhaps for ages destin'd to remain;
'Till B——d's gentle hand remov'd my fate
And kindly mov'd me to his fair domain,

Oh save me then from revelry's loud yells,
From mirth and pleasure's joy inspiring
found;

Let awful silence in my cloisters dwell,
And let me moulder gently to the ground,

AT THE BAILIFF HOUSE.

OH Husbandry, parent of health!
How dost thou the moments beguile;
To thee Albion owes all her wealth,
Thou makest her valies to smile.

Would you happiness seek in the round
Of the camp, or to cities resort?
Nor there the coy maiden is found,
Nor yet in the blaze of a court.

In the cottage sequester'd from sight
She fixes her humble retreat;
There labour with health shall unite,
Contentment and innocence meet.

D. E.

A N E L E G Y.

Sacred to the memory of a dear and much lamented Friend.

By a young man of the University of Oxford.
TIS night, dead night, and drowsy sleep
descends,
To shed his poppies o'er a nation's eyes;
But not my couch the partial God attends,
Nor stays my tears, nor calms my bursting
sighs.

Restless I start, and by the moon's pale gleam;
To Isis' willowy margin bend my way;
Ah! never Isis by thy sacred streams,
May wretch so lost to hope, to comfort, stray.

Once free and sportive as the syvan chor
I rang'd thy wild meand'ring course along,
Drew from thy hallow'd urn ideal fire,
And tun'd my reed to many a blithsome
song.

That sportive range; that blithsome song it
past:
Adieu the muses charms, the poets pride!
The scene was fadden'd, and the day overcast,
And every pleasure lost when C*** ends

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Dear honour'd name! but cease ye tears to flow:
A moment cease, the while with pious care
I cult the freshest, earliest sweets that blow,
And weave th' unfading garland for his hair,

Oh thou, whose mystic power all power defies,
Whose roving wing nor time nor space confine,
Say, wilt thou listen to a wretch's cries?
Say, wilt thou heed a voice so faint as mine?

Come then, sweet soother of the woeful train,
Delusive fancy! visionary maid!
And bear thy suppliant to the distant fane
Where the dear relicks of his friend are laid.

'Tis done! the melting scene dissolves in air,
And other streams, and other groves arise;
Reverend I kneel, and kiss with holy fear,
The consecrated earth where C***** lies.

There first I'll strew each bright, each fragrant flow'r
The fields of Pindus at my call supply;
And o'er his ashes shed the tenderest flow'r
That ever fell from sorrows gushing eye.

Then, while remembrance opens all her store,
While friendship moans her half extinguish'd flame
I change the string, oh doom'd to mirth no more,
And in sad numbers celebrate his name.

Oh ye! who give the tuneful breast to flow
Whatever haunts, whatever name ye choose
Natives of Heav'n! or bright Parnassus' brow,
Effluence of God, pure fire, or sacred muse—

Be present now, and prompt the grateful lay,
To many a deed of genuine friendship due:
All hapless else the debt of love to pay
I call—auspicious be the call!—on you.

He never learnt the mean the selfish art,
To soothe that business which he disapprov'd;
Free were his thoughts and open was his heart,
And ever partial to the worth he lov'd.

Averse from guile and easy to believe
The tale of unfelt misery gain'd his ear;
He dur'd not think another might deceive
But held all language like his own, sincere.

Oft from the sick by medicines happiest pow'r
He turn'd the dire impending blow aside:
Turn'd from the sick—but Heaven had fix'd
his hour, [tried!
And medicines happiest power in vain was

Nor solely to that godlike art confin'd
His genius and his worth conspicuous shone.
His were the noblest virtues of the mind,
His the warm tear for sorrows not his own.

LOND. MAG. JUNE 1782.

Go, ask the pensive maid of joy forlorn
Whose counsels check'd, whose pity charm'd
her sigh?

Go, ask the hapless relish left to mourn,
Who wip'd the stream of anguish from
her eye?

Go, ask the woe-worn wretch, to want a prey,
Whose bounty cheer'd afflictions hateful gloom?

Go ask—ah fond enquirer! haste to me,
And read thy answer on this humble tomb.

Ambition never fix'd his tranquil breast,
Alike unknown to meanness and to pride;
Avarice ne'er broke his soft untroubled rest,
Nor interest call'd his steady steps aside.

When virtue rose, unwonted joy he found,
The triumph and the glory were his own;
When virtue fell, he also felt the wound
And heaven has heard the deep, the im-passion'd groan.

Yet cruel envy all his life pursued—
Envy, of merit still the ungrateful meed!
His every act, thro' jaundic'd opticks view'd,
And pour'd the venom o'er each generous deed.

But whither roves the verse ye gentle few,
Whose bosom throbs at every tale of woe?
Come your dim eyes suffus'd with pity's dew,
And give, with me, the mournful stream to flow.

It is not hoary age demands your tear,
Nor wither'd limbs by lingering sickness
broke; [here
The pride of manhood and of strength lies
The victim of a momentary stroke!

Lord, what is man! the coyest tenderest flower
Is not so subject to the least annoy!
A breeze can blast this blossom of an hour
A sun-beam blight it and a frost destroy.

Oft have I said "C***** yet some few years,
Amidst an irksome world of toil and strife
Then will we quit its follies and its cares
For the calm Halcyon scenes of rural life.

There, when late time shall silver o'er thy head,
Mine be the task that fondness to repay;

To tend ere yet the vital spark be fled, [say.
The dim lamp glimmering to its own de-

In death's sad hour, close lock'd in my embrace,
[sigh,
To catch thy fleeting breath, thy parting

Bathe with innumerable tears thy clav.-cold
face, [eye."
Kiss thy wan lip and close thy beamless

Such hopes I nurs'd; but human hopes how vain!

Compounded with forgotten dust he lies;
Nor mine the task, his dying limbs to strain,
Catch his last breath, or close his beamless eyes!

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And

And is he gone?—Go then, ye flattering joys
 That wont e'er while my faltering steps
 What time, as Heaven benign, his soothing voice
 Eas'd every doubt, and banish'd every fear.
 Ah me! who now that comfort shall bestow?
 Who now stand forth, the father and the friend?
 Pity the bard, a prey to hopeless woe;
 From winds protect him and from storms defend?
 No more!—Love reprobates the unworthy strain,
 That mingles self with bleeding friendship's Then let not interest teach thee to complain,
 And in thy C****'s loss to mourn thy own.
 His loss?—His triumph!—Then he claim'd thy tears
 When shun'd in clay life's thorny maze he Obnoxious to the thousand, thousand cares
 That vex the tenants of this drossy clod.
 Now bursts of joy th' enfranchis'd soul should hail,
 While faith's strong beams pursue her daring From the drear confines of the shadowy vale
 To the fair regions of immortal light.
 Where pleas'd she moves th' ethereal ranks along,
 Full of the bliss almighty love inspires,
 Joins the rapt seraph's inexpressive song,
 Feels all their zeal, and glows with all their fires.
 No more I grieve.—Transplanted from its stand,
 The flow'r whose breath perfum'd congeals no fragrance in a distant land,
 But sickens for its native soil, and dies.
 So VIRTUE issuing from the ETERNAL's breast
 Wanders below all darkling and forlorn,
 Casts many a longing look towards her rest,
 And droops impatient of the lingering morn.
 When kindly freed from every earthly tie,
 She mounts exulting to her first abode;
 The everlasting source of love and joy,
 "The bosom of her father and her God."

VerSES, written under an old Yew tree in Ribbesford wood.

BENEATH this solemn gloom-surrounded yew,
 A guardian Genius dwells, if fame says true;
 Who oft at moonlight skims yon 'tangled maze,
 Treads the lone walk, or in the valley strays;
 Aloft now borne on friendship's steady wing
 He soars, to heal the wounds afflictions bring;
 The tear he wipes, impels sweet hope to glow,
 When sleep denies, and demons sport with

As once within this pensive shade I lay,
 Breathing the pure mellifluous scents of May;
 While round on ev'ry bush, attun'd to love,
 The jocund birds in sweetest warblings strove,
 A gentle slumber soft as genial air, [care;
 Stole through my nerves, and silence'd all my When lo! in sylvan garb before me stood,
 The sacred genius of the mazy wood;
 Around he threw his eyes with look benign,
 His hand he wav'd—when thus the form divine

"Mortal be wise—be wise, again he said,
 And in the path of virtue constant tread;
 Lives there the man to vice a willing slave,
 But stands the finish'd coxcomb, fool, or knave;
 Till lost to fame, to dire disease a prey,
 He pensive sighs, and pines his hours away,
 Be wise—let honour ev'ry action guide,
 Ambition shun, and shun the slaves of pride;
 Ah! wouldst thou taste of life's transcendent joy,

Far from a vicious world for ever fly;
 There peace, to few, alas, but little known,
 Eyes her lov'd vale, for solitude's her own;
 There wisdom, virtue, health, the Goddesses join,
 [twine.—

And on the brows of worth their wreaths encircle,
 While thus with gracious smile the phantom spoke,
 A sudden start my pleasing slumber broke;
 I rose—while conscience faithful to her trust,
 The moral vision own'd, and own'd it just;
 So truth whene'er her heavenly strains she sings,
 Strikes error dumb, and sure conviction

J. H.

A N E L E G Y

On the Death of Charles Legb, Esq. found in the Wilderness at Adlington, August 1781.

Y E eglantines of every beauteous shade,
 And woodbines gay, of ev'ry sweet alcove,
 No more to him (with zephyr's friendly aid)
 Can you address your gratitude and love.
 (For ah! too true, is ever gone away,
 The late possessor of these fragrant groves,
 And left them here to flourish or decay,
 As their new coming claimant best approves.)

Nor need your plum'd inhabitants distend
 Their warbling throats, to form the wonted lay
 For him, who us'd with rapture to attend
 To each sweet note that echo'd from the spray.

The passing peal! proclaim'd some spirit fled,
 Announc'd some soul, from corp'ral vale-
 lage free, [said,
 When faltering tongues, in doleful accent
 Alas, alas! it tolls for worthy Legb.

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And, ah! the sighs which seemingly appear
The breast of ev'ry resient to rend,
Just y bespeak (with many a grateful tear)
The gentle master and the gen'rous friend.

His bounteous soul did plenteously reward
Such neighb'ring poor as did to him appear
The most distress'd, most worthy his regard,
With food and cloaths—*twice fifty* ev'ry
year.

Well may the tears of sympathy o'erflow
The deep-sunk sluices of despondent grief,
When dire reflection paints the wretched woe
Of those who soon must want his kind relief.

Yet let us hope, since Heaven did him
demand,
That they who next his ample fortune share,
May with the same indulgent, friendly hand,
Make them like objects of paternal care.

W. S.

PROPERTIUS, *Book II. El. 27, imitated.*

HOW anxious are mankind to know their
fate, [or late,
What death, what fortune, wait them soon
Infatuate they trust to cunning men
To know of this or that th' event, and then,
Each star they learn is fraught with good or
ill,

This is propitious, that, alas! will kill;
One shews 'tis best to meet the foe on land,
Another gives at sea far more command,
This, by its blaze foretels a house will fire,
This, profers poison in its baneful ire—
But after all there's no one can descry
What death, except the lover, he shall die:
Tho' Boreas storm around it nought alarm,
Nor yet the trumpet's sound, nor clash of arms,
Suppose old Charon hoists his tatter'd sail,
And haste to fetch him, what will it avail;
If soften'd Delia heaves a fav'ring sigh
The hearten'd lover is—too blest to die.

PHILO-MUSUS.

Bedford, 26 April, 1782.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, MAY 31.

YESTERDAY a court of common-council was held at
the Guildhall, at which were
present the Lord-Mayor, 33
aldermen, and Mr. Sheriff
Gill.

After the Lord-Mayor informed the court, that the purpose for which they were called together had been expressed in the summons, Mr. Deputy Leekey got up, and said he was surprized that no notice had been taken in the summonses for the purpose of addressing his Majesty on the late glorious and signal victory obtained by Sir George Brydges Rodney over the French fleet in the West-Indies; that he thought the first business of the court ought to be, to agree to address his Majesty on so happy an occasion; he therefore moved, that an humble address be presented from the common-council to his Majesty, to congratulate him on the late glorious victory obtained by his Majesty's fleet under the command of Admiral Rodney, over the French fleet in the West-Indies, and to express their firm reliance on Divine Providence, that the successes of his Majesty's arms may obtain a farther extent from the bravery of our seamen, the experience of our commanders, and the wisdom of his Majesty's councils. But some objections arising to the congratulating his Majesty on only a particular success in the West-Indies, when as great successes had been obtained in the East-Indies, it was unanimously agreed, that an humble address be presented to the

King, congratulating his Majesty on the late glorious successes of his Majesty's arms.

A committee was then appointed of six aldermen and 12 commoners, who withdrew, and, having prepared an address, it was presented to the court, and unanimously approved of, and the sheriffs were ordered to attend his Majesty, to know when he would be pleased to receive the said address sitting on the throne.

Mr. Aldermen Crosby presented a report from the committee appointed to enquire into the right of the government of the royal hospitals, as also a draft of an agreement between the committee and the acting governors of the royal hospitals, which were read and unanimously agreed to, and the committee empowered to draw on the chamber for 1000l. to pay law-charges and other expences.

A motion was made to advance the Recorder's salary to 1000l. per annum, which on a division was negatived by a majority of 25.

THURSDAY, June 6.

Yesterday the Right Hon. the Lord-Mayor, attended by the aldermen, sheriffs, city-officers, and a great number of the common-council, set off from Guildhall about one o'clock, and proceeded to St. James's with the address agreed to at the last court of common-council, a copy of which is as follows:

To the KING's most excellent Majesty.

The humble Address of the Lord-Mayor,
Aldermen, and Commons of the City of
London, in Common-Council assembled.

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

*"WE, your Majesty's most dutiful and
loyal subjects, the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen,*

and commons of the city of London in common-council assembled, impressed with sentiments of the warmest attachment to your Majesty's royal person and government, and zeal for the honour of your crown and prosperity of all your Majesty's dominions, beg leave humbly to approach your throne, with the most hearty congratulations for the late glorious successes, with which it has pleased Divine Providence to bless your Majesty's arms in different quarters of the world.

" We trust that, under the blessing of the same providence, the valour of your Majesty's fleets and armies, directed by the wisdom of your councils, and the good conduct of those able commanders you have been pleased to set over them, will pursue the important advantages already obtained with vigour and success.

" And we flatter ourselves, that we shall have the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing the splendor of your crown restored, the wonted superiority of your royal navy over all your enemies re-established, and the general tranquility and welfare of the British dominions completely secured, by terminating a glorious and successful war, with a safe and honourable peace. Signed, by order of court,

WILLIAM RIX."

To the above address his Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious answer:

" I return you my hearty thanks for your loyal and affectionate congratulation upon the late glorious success in different quarters of the world. The intrepid valour of my fleets and armies, and the conduct and courage of my officers, were never more conspicuous than they have appeared on the late occasions. It is, however, to the blessing of Almighty God that we owe these victories.

" I trust that the vigorous exertions of a firm and united people, together with the new resources that have presented themselves to increase my force both by sea and land, and, above all, the divine protection of my just cause, will enable me to terminate the war upon fair and honourable terms. My good city of London may be assured of my constant attention to their conservance and happiness."

SATURDAY, 15.

Sir Guy Carleton, immediately on his arrival at New-York, despatched a messenger (said to be Mr. Digges) to Congress, with a copy of his commission, and the powers vested in him by government for opening a treaty with America. His excellency, at the same time, transmitted several letters from the new administration, in their official capacities, to the different members of Congress, respecting the sincerity of their amity towards America; and concluding, that as they had ever been the espousers of the

American cause when out of power, they hoped Congress would the more readily credit their proposals of accommodation, and treat them with candour; that the former friendship subsisting between the two countries might be speedily restored on a permanent advantageous, and honourable footing to both.

SATURDAY, 22.

On Thursday at the court of common-council held at Guildhall, after the minutes of the last court were read, Mr. S. Thorpe moved, " That the freedom of this city, in a gold box of 200 guineas value, be presented to the Right Hon. Lord Hood, and Rear-Admiral Drake, for the essential services rendered their country, which was unanimously carried, and that the Lord-Mayor be requested to provide the said boxes.

MONDAY, 24.

This day came on at Guildhall the election of sheriffs for the year ensuing, when Robert Taylor, and Isaac Dent, Esqrs. were declared duly elected.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Earl of Essex to be one of the lords of his Majesty's bed-chamber.—The dignity of a baronet of Great-Britain to Robert Palke, of Haldon-houle, in the County of Devon, Esq. and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.—The Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Louth, Henry Flood, and Hercules Langford Rowley, Esqrs. to be of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council in Ireland.—The Right Hon. Richard Earl of Shannon, the Right Hon. Robert Spencer, Esq. commonly called Lord Robert Spencer, and the Right Hon. Sir George Yonge, Bart. to the office of vice treasurer of Ireland.—To Adm. Sir G. B. Rodney, Bart. and Knight of the Bath, and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, the dignity of a baron of Great-Britain, by the name, stile, and title, of Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, in the county of Somerset.—The dignity of a baronet of Great-Britain to Rear-Admiral Francis Samuel Drake, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.—And the like dignity of a baronet of the kingdom of Great Britain to Edmund Affleck, of Colchester, in Essex, Esq. captain in his Majesty's navy, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.—The dignity of a baron of Ireland to Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, stile, and title, of Baron Hood, of Catherington.—The King has been pleased to order a writ to be issued, under the great seal of Great-Britain, for summoning his Grace Douglas, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, to parliament, as a peer of the realm, by the stile of Duke of Brandon, in the county of Suffolk.

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Suffolk.—Earl Cholmondeley to be his Majesty's Envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Berlin.—George James Cholmondeley, Esq. to be one of the commissioners for his Majesty's revenue of Excise, in the room of Heneage Legge, Esq.—John Byng, Esq. to be one of the commissioners for his Majesty's Stamp duties, in the room of George James Cholmondeley, Esq.—Richard Howard, Esq. to the office of constable, or keeper of his Majesty's Castle of Caernarvon, and also the office of ranger of his Majesty's forest of Snowden, in the county of Carnarvon, in the room of William Myddleton, Esq.—To George Caesar Hopkinson, Esq. the office of Keeper of the Gawles in his Majesty's forest of Dean, in the County of Gloucester, and also the office of one of the riding foresters and ale-conner in the said forest, in the room of John Lovett, Esq.—The Right Honourable Robert Spencer, commonly called Lord Robert Spencer, sworn of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.—His Grace William Duke of Devonshire to be Lord Lieutenant and *custos rotulorum* of the county of Derby, in the room of George Cavendish, Esq. commonly called Lord George Cavendish.—The Right Hon. Sir William Howe, Knight of the Bath, Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, sworn of his Majesty's most hon. Privy-Council.

MARRIAGES.

May, **T**HE Hon. Mr. Bouverie, brother 23. to the Earl of Radnor, to Lady Catharine Murray, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dunmore.—**J**une 3. C. W. Boughton Rouse, Esq. of Rouse Lench, in Worcester-shire, and member of parliament for the borough of Evesham, to Miss Hall, only daughter of William Pearce Hall, Esq. of Downton, near Ludlow in Shropshire.—6. Munbee Gelburn, Esq. of Portland-place, to the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Chetwynd.—7. Sir T. Featherstonhaugh, Bart. to Miss Catharine Witney, daughter of George Boleyn Witney, Esq.—The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Hinton, son of Earl Paulet, to Miss Pococke, daughter of Sir George Pococke, K. B.—18. George Sykes, Esq. to Mrs. Anne Caldwell, sister of Sir James Caldwell, Bart.

DEATHS.

May, **T**HE Hon. Mrs. Shirley, mother 27. of the present Earl of Ferrers.—28. William Huddleston Williamson, Esq. eldest son of Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart.—29. At the German Spa, the Right Hon. Elisabeth Countess of Grandison.—30. Mr. Dick Smith, master of the tap-house, Vauxhall. The singular oddity of this man's

character may be worth relating: having caused one part of his tap-room to be painted, representing a country church, and church-yard, with grave-stones, and the initial letters of such of his friends, deceased, as he deemed worthy to lie in the best ground, with a grave left open for himself to lie amongst them; those he deemed mean pitiful fellows, were placed in the poor ground, at a distance: this man being thus familiarised to death, took a formal leave of his friends about twelve o'clock on Thursday, though seemingly in good health; told them he should never see them more, went up stairs, and died in about half an hour after; and is put into a coffin of a new construction, made of different sorts of wood, and without nails, with a lock and two keys, which he had by him since Christmas for that purpose.—**J**une, 3. Lady Theodore Croftie, sister to the Earl of Glendore.—9. Sir Charles Buck, Bart. of Hanby Grange, Lincolnshire.—10. Thomas Hill, Esq. formerly representative in several parliaments for the borough of Shrewsbury.—11. The Dowager Viscountess Howe.—Captain John Roston, who had been upwards of 60 years in the navy.—Mrs. Vansittart, mother of Arthur Vansittart, Esq.—And a few days after, the Hon. Mrs. Vansittart, wife of the said Arthur Vansittart, Esq.—14. The Right Hon. Edward Earl Ligonier, lieutenant-general of his Majesty's forces, and colonel of the 9th regiment of foot in America.—20. The Hon. General Monckton, Governor of Portsmouth, and colonel of the 17th regiment of foot.—Lately, at Alton, in Hampshire, after a severe illness Mrs. Maria Constantia Nethercott, wife of Charles Nethercott, Esq. and only sister to Admiral Lord Rodney.—Abroad, the Right Hon. Lady Newborough, daughter of the late Earl of Egmont.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Bristol, May 23.

A few days since a woman of Devizes, labouring under a rheumatick complaint so violent a degree as to be unable to stand without the assistance of two persons, was electrified by one of the faculty, who gave her five shocks; each charge proved by the electrometer to be the same, the sensation by each shock proved more considerable, and the last shock she got out of the chair perfectly recovered and has continued so ever since.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, June 11.

THE clergy of Scotland have made application to the new ministry to be exempted from paying the duty on window lights. This tax they have not hitherto paid, but the exemption has never been properly

perly ascertained. His Majesty's ministers, wishing to conciliate the minds of all ranks in England, Scotland, and Ireland, so that, as Lord Shelburne emphatically expressed it, there may be but one heart and one hand in the three kingdoms, have with the greatest chearfulness agreed to exempt the clergy of Scotland from payment of the window tax duty, and have given orders accordingly.

WEST-INDIES.

Admiralty-Office, June 18, 1782.

CAPT. Domet, of his Majesty's sloop the Ceres, arrived at this office on Sunday morning, with despatches from Lord Rodney to Mr. Stephens, of which the following are extracts :

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as were in the most distressed condition on the 29th of last month; since which every dispatch possible, both day and night, has been used towards refitting them.

I have the pleasure to acquaint their lordships, that the Ville de Paris of 104 guns, the Glory of 74, the Hector of 74, the Cato of 64, the Jason of 64, the Ardent of 64, the Aimable of 32, and the Ceres (which I shall send with this express) are all safe arrived in this harbour.

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By what I can learn from the prisoners, it was supposed to be the Diadem that sunk in the action.

EAST-INDIES.

Whitehall, June 8, 1782.
Extract of a letter from Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, Knight of the Bath, dated Fort St. George, January 28, 1782, received at the office of the Earl of Shelburne, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, June 4.

AFTER the action with Heider Ali on the 1st of July, my next object was to march to the Northward, in order to effect a junction with the Bengal detachment, and in the way to relieve Vandiwash, which was invested by a detachment under Tippo Saib, who had begun to raise batteries, and to make other necessary preparations for a siege. My movements had the desired effect, as Tippo Saib, upon hearing of my approach, drew off, and took the route by Gingee, by which road Heider was also supposed to have moved towards Arcot.

On the 26th of July I arrived with the army at the Mount, marched again on the 31st, and on the 3d of August happily effected the junction with the Bengal detachment, and returned to the Mount on the 5th, where the whole encamped.

On the 16th the whole army marched from the Mount.

On the 20th I laid siege to Tripassore, and on the 23d in the morning it surrendered on terms of capitulation. The acquisition was of consequence, and happening at the time it did, was a most fortunate one, as the advance of Heider's army, coming to the relief of the besieged, had in that very moment appeared

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By means of the paddy which we found in the fort, I was enabled to serve out a few days subsistence to the troops; and hearing that Heider was in full force, at the distance of about sixteen miles, I resolved to march towards him, but before I could attempt it, I found it necessary to draw some rice from Pondamalee, which having done I marched on the 26th, in order to engage the enemy, as the only hope that appeared to me left from whence we might stand a chance of surmounting our difficulties.

Heider, on my advancing, thought proper to fall back a few miles to the ground on which he defeated the detachment under Col. Baillie, where he took up a very strong position; and influenced from a superstitious notion of its being a lucky spot, had determined, as I was informed by my intelligence, to try his fortune in a second battle. I accordingly marched, on the 27th in the morning, towards him, and as reported, about eight o'clock we discovered his army in order of battle, and in full force to receive us, and in possession of many strong and advantageous posts, rendered the more formidable by the nature of the country lying between, which was intersected by very deep water-courses. In short nothing could be more formidable than the situation of the enemy, and nothing more arduous than our approach. To present a front to them, I was obliged to form the line under a very heavy cannonade from several batteries, as well as from the enemy's line, which galled us exceedingly, and was a very trying situation for the troops, who bore it with a firmness and undaunted bravery which did them the highest honour, and showed a steady valour, not to be surpassed by the first veterans of any nation in Europe. The conflict lasted from nine in the morning till near sunset, when we had driven the enemy from all their strong posts, and obliged them to retreat with precipitation, leaving us in full possession of the field of battle. Our loss on this occasion was heavier than on the 1st of July, and that of the enemy less, owing to their having sheltered themselves under cover of banks of tanks, and other grounds which they possessed favourable for that purpose. General Stuart had the misfortune to lose his leg by a cannon shot, whilst bravely conducting the second line to the support of a post which I had occupied at the commencement of the engagement, and on which the enemy had kept up a very severe fire. The same shot also carried away the leg of Colonel Brown; and having caused his death, deprived the company of a very old and faithful servant, and the army of an able and experienced officer. Captain H. Slop, one of my aide-d'camps, a very active and spirited officer, was killed by a cannon shot.

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Our loss on this occasion was very trifling, whilst the enemy's was very considerable both in cavalry and infantry. We had but one subaltern officer killed, none wounded, and about 100 rank and file killed, wounded, and missing.

After relieving Vellore on the 4th of November, which in four or five days more must either have been evacuated or given up to the enemy, I proceeded to Chittor, to which I laid siege on the 8th and it capitulated on the 10th.

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having come upwards of 70 miles in five days, so that I did not commence my march back until the 13th, on which day Heider appeared in full force, and chose again to make an attack by a distant cannonade, when our army was crossing the same marshy ground where he attacked us on the 10th in the morning. About four o'clock in the afternoon the whole had got clear over the swamp, and having posted the baggage with a proper guard, I formed the line, and advanced upon the enemy with all the expedition the nature of the ground would admit of; upon which the enemy gave way, and retreated with precipitation. We pursued them till dark, and not without execution, as we kept up an advancing fire upon them. It being impossible to do more, we returned to our ground of encampment, where we arrived about midnight. Our loss on this occasion was very trifling, only one officer wounded, and about 60 rank and file killed, wounded, and missing.

Col. Crawfurd, of his Majesty's 73d regi-

ment, having had my leave to return to Europe, will have the honour of delivering your lordship this letter.

I should do injustice to the high sense I entertain of Col. Crawfurd's merit as an officer, did I omit on this occasion mentioning how much he has acquitted himself to my satisfaction, and with honour and credit to himself, in the whole course of a most trying campaign. He was next in command to me at the battle of Sholingur, on which occasion his conduct was deserving of the highest applause,

I have had occasion to make a favourable mention of Lieutenant-Colonel Owen for his distinguished conduct in refitting, with a small detachment, the united efforts of the whole of Heider's army. Permit me the liberty of once more recurring to him as an officer of great military abilities; he has acquitted himself to my highest satisfaction, and has rendered essential services to the publick in the course of the campaign.

ADVERTISEMENT,

AND

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DUN SCOTUS is desired to take notice that Dr. Stuart's History of Scotland, involves in it a subject for historical controversy of great magnitude, and as it is necessary to form some opinion on the points in dispute between him and Dr. Robertson, a candid review of such a work cannot be hastily given. We hope, however, to have it ready for next month.

Nicholson's Introduction to Natural Philosophy, 2 vol. 8vo. is in the Editor's bands; attention will be paid to a performance of such apparent utility, and the review will appear as early as possible.

The review of Penant's Journey from Chester to London will be given in our next. Also of Dr. Fothergill's Hints, and Dr. Hawes's Address to the King and parliament.

We are much obliged to Simplicius for his kind intentions, but his hints cannot be carried into practice nor can the verses accompanying them be made use of, as we have a large stock of original poetry in hand.

Our Kendall friend deserves and we here make him our most grateful acknowledgements for the trouble he has taken, but to come up to our high idea we must have the table for the preceding month, transmitted to us by the middle of the following or we cannot insert it. The table for June should be in the Editor's possession about the 15th of July and so on for the succeeding months.

The Ode to Discord, must undergo alterations, the personal references must be struck out or the piece be laid aside.

The description of Pamela. The Verses by D. E. and the Poem by R. W. communicated by the same correspondent shall be brought forward without delay.

If the Rebus is as old as the love song, we must desire W. B. not to take the trouble to transcribe it. Arne has been long since dead: this is mentioned as a hint.

I. I. is shamefully abusive of another correspondent and therefore deservedly rejected.

The verses to Delia, with another short piece, by B. S. and the new ballad by our constant friend H. L. are highly acceptable.

The Political Poem marked X. X. X. X. is totally inadmissible.

Finding it impracticable to obtain a correct drawing of the Lake of Killarney, we have been obliged to publish the description without it, rather than borrow an imperfect draught from a defective work.